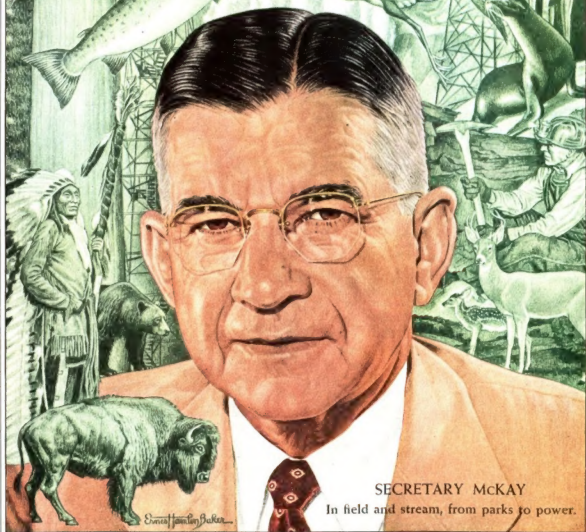


TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



Ernest Hamilton Baker

PUTS YOU AHEAD OF THE PARADE...

GETS YOU MORE WHEN YOU TRADE!

Get the stand-out Studebaker gas mileage that made a clean sweep of Mobilgas Economy Run!



America's most beautiful station wagon!

MILLIONS OF America's car owners know that the far-advanced new Studebaker ran rings around all competition in this year's Mobilgas Economy Run.

Studebaker won that toughest of all economy tests because there is no gas-eating excess bulk—no power-wasting extra weight—in a Studebaker.

61 to 130 more miles per tankful!

A Studebaker Champion with overdrive got 3 to 7 more miles per gallon—61 to 130 more miles per tankful—than its four low-price Mobilgas Run rivals.

That performance would cover the 2958 miles from Los Angeles to New York on 100 gallons. The same amount of gas would leave Studebaker's 12 closest Mobilgas Run competitors stranded from Concordia, Missouri to McKeesport, Pa.

Don't settle for an outmoded car that squanders your gasoline. Get an exciting new '54 Studebaker—pacesetter in style—undisputed economy champion. See your nearby Studebaker dealer now.



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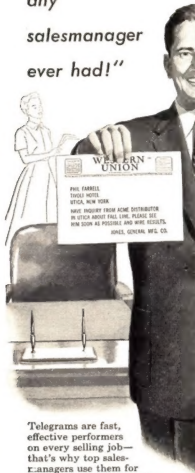
Alexandria, Louisiana	Weller's
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Barnesville, Ohio	Kirks
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ever had!"



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when it means business
it's wise
to wire

**WESTERN
UNION**

LETTERS

The Shoulder Trade

Sir:

Thoroughly enjoyed the "Do-It-Yourself" cover [Aug. 2] story. I had my wife read it to me.

PHILIP MINOFF

Oceanside, N.Y.

Sir:

Wonderful. Artzybasheff's cover... a spitting image of me as a handyman, including pipe...

RUDOLF A. STEINDLER

Hackensack, N.J.

Sir:

I noticed one gap in your reporting... How do members of the professional trades—plumbers, carpenters, painters, etc.—feel toward the loss in business when prospective customers compete with them? ... Could it be that our society is moving toward a more self-sufficient home-centeredness such as existed during our pioneer era?

JOSEPH V. THOMAS

Clarksville, Tenn.

Sir:

Mr. J. W. Lowry of Republic Steel ("I don't believe I'd know a plumber, electrician or carpenter if I saw one. I haven't hired one for years") sure puts himself on the back and slaps labor. So nobody hires carpenters, plumbers and electricians, and then no one buys Republic Steel. A perfect setup. We all starve.

FRANK STEUERNAGEL

(Carpenter, Local 1050)

Philadelphia

Sir:

How about the unsung heroine or the helper to the do-it-yourself hobbyist? One needs to be a jack-of-all-trades, attending to... the dishes, watering, bathing the kids and dog; wedding, washing the car, answering the phone and door. Then there's the errand running: upstairs for the hammer, down the basement to hunt for the missing pipe wrench. "Hold this board at just this angle at just this moment." "Please get me some more putty." There is sanding. Especially the corners and awkward spots which won't respond to power equipment held in other hands.

The real elixir is to be allowed to complete the painting or sanding (this time with the

power-sander) ... on Monday morning, when time ran out or the neighbors came too soon on Sunday ... Really, I do think do-it-yourself is wonderful fun. But I want my place in the sun, too.

BARBARA B. JOHNSON

Portland, Ore.

Sir:

I couldn't resist mailing you a picture of my do-it-yourself husband's project [see cut]. A nine-room ranchstyle house he has, designed and built in the last seven years, using only weekend and holiday hours. Built of old used lumber, from railroad boxcars, which had to be cleaned and stripped of



nails. Included in the construction are two fireplaces and one chimney for inside barbecue which required around 3,000 bricks ... The house has 57 windows ... one 12-ft.-by-10-ft. basement for furnace and shower, and one 12-ft.-by-12-ft. storm cellar which he dug by hand ...

I'm exhausted, from all that work.

MRS. D. OMER SEAMON

Rosedale, Ind.

Tile Trap

Sir:

A most remarkable statement was made concerning "The Shoulder Trade" ... "Amateur decorators ... laid 50¢ (500 million sq. ft.) of all the asphalt tile, enough to cover the entire state of Oregon" ...

HOWARD F. WALLACH

Chicago

Sir:

Elastic tile?

CHAS. KEITHAHN

Olympia, Wash.

Sir:

Apparently somebody forgot to square 5:8 in figuring how many square feet there

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TIME
August 23, 1954

Volume LXIV
Number 8

TIME, AUGUST 23, 1954

Spoil the Hot-Rod and spare the child!

By Mr. Friendly



Every time the kids went riding
Cautious folk went into hiding! ...
Cleared the streets and took to the hills,
Covered in cellars ... made last wills.
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He handed them Watch magazine®
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Here's the answer, your best bet ...
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are in a square mile. Fall into that trap, and you convert 100 million feet² to an area the size of Oregon . . .

GENE LINDBERG

Denver

¶ Time's Business researcher regrets that she did the mathematics herself.—Ed.

1812 and All That

Sir:

Re your July 19 article, "Anchors Aweigh," and its picture of the U.S.S. *Constitution*, "Old Ironsides": I am proud to learn that Old Ironsides is being restored; proud because . . . James Cleghorn . . . who drew the plans for the ship was my great-great-grandfather, and Colonel George Cleghorn, who sacrificed his fortune to help build her . . . was my great-great-granduncle. A plaque giving information about Colonel Cleghorn is located in the bow of Old Ironsides . . . I am 83 years of age . . . and proud.

LOUIS C. SMITH

Covington, La.

¶ Let Reader Smith meet Reader Belgrave (see below)—Ed.

Sir:

I saw with great interest the . . . picture . . . of the battle between the U.S.S. *Constitution* and H.M.S. *Guerriere*, and [Time's story of] the subsequent fate of the former vessel. The captain of the British ship, who later became Admiral Dacres, was my great-great-grandfather. After the British ship had been captured, he, together with the remainder of the officers and men, was taken to Boston, where he spent some time on parole before returning to England. According to his letters . . . now in the possession of my family, he enjoyed very much his enforced stay in the United States, and almost regretted leaving Boston . . .

JAMES H. D. BELGRAVE

Awali, Bahrain, Persian Gulf

From the Classroom

Sir:

I considered it a great honor to be associated with the grade-school and high-school teachers at the Columbia [University] celebration [Time, Aug. 2]. Public recognition of all teachers, particularly at these levels, was long overdue and most appropriate. I join you and Columbia in honoring them.

I must, for the record, correct your description of me. I have been lame all my life and have not had polio; and I get about quite easily, without pain . . .

THEODORE M. GREENE

Yale University
New Haven, Conn.

According to Graves

Sir:

Congratulations to TIME [July 26] from Joshua Podro and myself on a splendidly clean scythe sweep or hatchet job [on *The Nazarene Gospel Restored*]. Your reviewer has kept well within the statutory limits of fair comment . . . But, on the theory that TIME brings all things, we miss your timely congratulations on our tactical successes. Amateur Scholar Joshua Podro has somehow contrived to satisfy real Jewish scholars of the highest professional standing that he has an enviably deep knowledge of the purely Aramaic setting of the Gospel story. Nor has "Crank" Robert Graves yet been caught out in any historical blunder which invalidates his findings on the Gracco-Roman side of the problem; though he dared tempt British New Testament experts with valuable money prizes if they could spot one. Together they

have even persuaded leading U.S. Protestant Theologian Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr to take the book seriously with: "The authors have labored so diligently and within the limits of their presuppositions so honestly, that the volume will be of great service to both Christians and Jews if they have time to read so large a volume and the money [\$10] to pay for it."

And Columbia's classics professor, Moses Hadas . . . reports: "The argument is ingenious to the point of brilliance, sufficiently buttressed by wide learning to be plausible, if the texts concerned were not revered as sacred, and capable of providing edification for countless persons who thirst for the spiritual satisfaction of religion, but are disquieted by some of its traditional premises."

Come on now, TIME, force a polite smile and bow, however stiffly.

ROBERT GRAVES

Deyá, Majorca, Spain

Sir:

Re your review of *The Nazarene Gospel Restored* by Robert Graves and Joshua Podro: it is the clear duty of both branches of Christianity, Protestant and Catholic . . . to severely rebuke both authors and publisher of this sacrilegious work . . .

E. W. SCHEINERT

Rivera, Calif.

How to Grow Old

Sir:

Re your Aug. 2 story, "How to Live to 100": Please be informed of the remark made to the press last April 6 by Mrs. Athalie Neuville of Angoulême, France, who, on her 101st birthday, declared: "I've always preferred cognac to doctors."

WILLIAM KADUSON

New York City

Ecumenical Rhubarb (Cont'd)

Sir:

Re your July 19 article, "Catholics Barred": If the Roman Catholic Church is going to lead men to the light of true religion and a higher concept of morality and justice, she cannot compromise . . . with the Judaism of confused Protestantism . . . More power to Cardinal Archbishop Stritch.

EDWARD R. HOPE

Stephenville, Newfoundland

Sir:

. . . The Roman Catholic attitude toward their Protestant friends is that of a happy family secure in a warm house whose neighbors are wandering in the dark, looking for the light. We would gladly welcome them into our light and warmth, but feel we may be excused when we are asked to come out and grope in the darkness with them . . .

MRS. RAY E. HEAD JR.

Houston

A Brush with TIME

Sir:

Re the Willie Mays cover [July 26]: You seem to be converting more and more to photographic covers this year, and I, for one, am very unhappy about it. I imagine Messrs. Chaliapin, Baker, Artyzbasheff et al. aren't too pleased about it, either. You have never been a conventional magazine, in the strict sense of the word; so I hope you aren't going to "throw in the towel" and lose your individuality just . . . like 99% of the other publications on the newsstands today.

E. MCLEOD

Seattle

¶ For the latest cover portraits by Messrs. Artyzbasheff, Chaliapin and Baker, see TIME, Aug. 2, Aug. 16 and Aug. 23.—Ed.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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INDEX

Cover Story.....13

Judgments & Prophecies.....23

Art.....50 Milestones.....60

Books.....76 Miscellany.....80

Business.....66 Music.....45

Cinema.....72 National Affairs.....9

Education.....38 People.....36

Foreign News.....24 Radio & TV.....48

Hemisphere.....34 Religion.....65

Letters.....22 Science.....53

Medicine.....58 Sport.....43

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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

The New York offices of TIME are now undergoing their annual summer scrutiny from journalism professors who are interested in watching the operations of a weekly newsmagazine. Each summer a group of professors spends some time with us, studying our working methods, asking questions, and using us as a laboratory to help them in their teaching. This year



the guest professors are Richard Joel of Florida State University, George E. Serries of Boston University, Roland E. Wolsley of Syracuse University, and Fred Kildow of the University of Minnesota.

The visiting-professor program is just one example of how TIME's Education Department works with schools and colleges throughout the country on assignments that range from filling the flow of requests for classroom aids, such as the current affairs tests, to organizing direct-mail clinics for school alumni secretaries.



There are, for example, few textbooks on newsmagazine journalism. Since some of the booklets and pamphlets which we have prepared to explain TIME's philosophy and method of news reporting are, in effect, condensed textbooks, some teachers began using them as basic source material in their classes. Now some 600 journalism teachers on our mailing list have received such booklets as "What Makes TIME Tick" (an outline of the magazine's operations), "A Matter of Manner" (examples of TIME writing), and "How Close Can You Get to Washington?" (a description of how our Washington news bureau operates).

Teachers in other fields have also found other of our pamphlets helpful. Marketing professors, for example, make classroom use of some of our independent research reports on maga-

zine audiences, marketing studies and consumer buying habits. For many years, teachers of political science, speech and English have used TIME itself as a supplementary text in their classes. For these thousands of teachers we prepare and supply material ranging from special map enlargements to an annual TIME cover quiz.



TIME's Education Department also works closely with such educational groups as the National Education Association, the Secondary Education Board and other allied organizations. This summer, during their New York conventions, we invited members of the American College Public Relations Association and the National School Public Relations Association to attend seminars on education and journalism with a panel of our editors.

The American Alumni Council has been particularly interested in TIME's direct-mail technique. One of the problems most college alumni secretaries have is getting out persuasive direct mail. This is especially true in such fields as fund-raising campaigns. Last winter the council asked if TIME would put up an award for the best "Direct-Mail Campaign of the Year." At the council's convention in Gulfport, Miss. this summer, at which we sponsored a three-day direct-mail clinic, the award was made for the first time. The winner: Columbia University.

Schools and colleges are sponsoring a growing number of adult-education classes. When the school season begins this fall, TIME's Education Department has been asked to inaugurate another service: the extension of our classroom program to include this field of education.

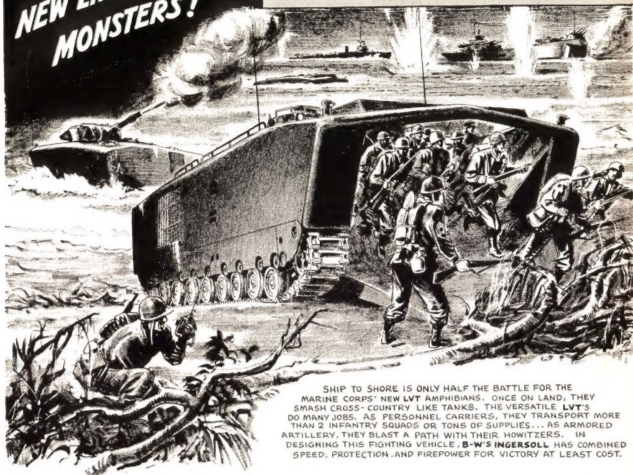


Cordially yours,

James A. Linen

**UP FROM THE SEA—
NEW LAND-FIGHTING
MONSTERS!**

RIPLEY'S



SHIP TO SHORE IS ONLY HALF THE BATTLE FOR THE MARINE CORPS' NEW LVT AMPHIBIANS. ONCE ON LAND, THEY SMASH CROSS-COUNTRY LIKE TANKS. THE VERSATILE LVT'S DO MANY JOBS. AS PERSONNEL CARRIERS, THEY TRANSPORT MORE THAN 2 INFANTRY SQUADS OR TONS OF SUPPLIES... AS ARMORED ARTILLERY, THEY BLAST A PATH WITH THEIR HOWITZERS. IN DESIGNING THIS FIGHTING VEHICLE, B-W'S INGERSOLL HAS COMBINED SPEED, PROTECTION AND FIREPOWER FOR VICTORY AT LEAST COST.

**SWIMS LOW--ONLY ITS
BACKBONE SHOWS!**

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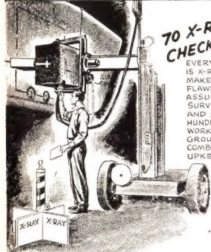


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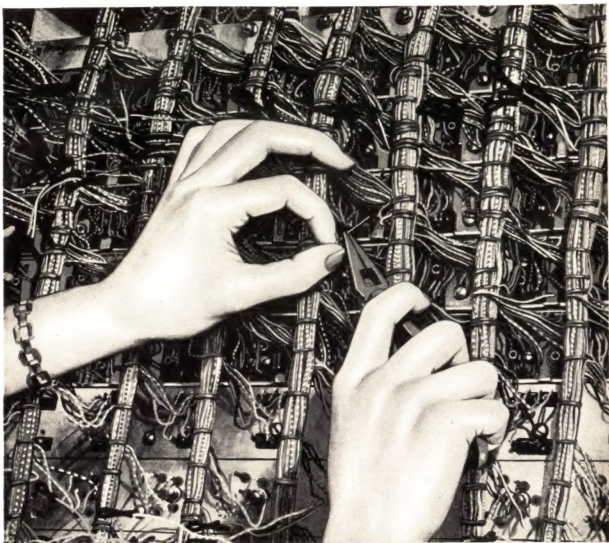


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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

New Offensive

Dispensing with the jargon of professional economists, Dwight Eisenhower last week issued an economic report to the nation that began bluntly with one of the biggest pieces of news since V-E day. "The paramount fact about the economy at midyear," he wrote, "is that the recent decline in economic activity has come to a halt." Two big specifics:

¶ While unemployment is higher than during the Korean war, it is on a par with comparable months of 1949 and 1950 and "has shown some tendency to diminish of late."

¶ Wage levels have continued to rise, while prices have virtually held steady, bringing an increase in real wages and a situation where "the value of the people's money has remained entirely intact."

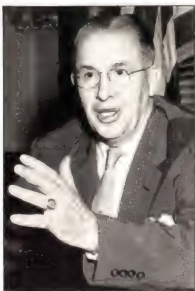
The President's conclusion, "The overall performance of the American economy thus far during this Administration has been better than during any earlier time." This, he added, was especially notable considering the difficulties of "shifting from a war to a nearly peacetime economy."

Ike's report meant that the Administration had met a recession and licked it not by the kind of pump-priming and governmental interference dear to the hearts of New Dealers, but by trimming Government expenditures and by giving private industry the kind of climate and incentive that allow enterprise to flourish.

To politicians, the report had another sharp point. Its flat comparisons with the Truman Administration were a resounding reply to the old Democratic slogan of 1952: "Don't let them take it away." Clearly, the Administration believed that it had found a positive, workable G.O.P. economic philosophy, and fully intended to take the offensive with it in the fall elections.

In specifics, the offensive ranged through the power-partnership programs of Interior Secretary Douglas McKay, through the new tax program (TIME, Aug. 16), the controversial Atomic Energy bill and Agriculture Secretary Ezra Taft Benson's program for flexible price supports on farm products.

The Democratic reaction to the new offensive was keen and swift. Democrats found their handiest targets in Ezra Benson, whose plain, logical arguments won surprising victories for his program both in the House and in the Senate (SEE



Morris E. Evans

AGRICULTURE SECRETARY BENSON
Behind a firm line, a flexible strategy.

THE CONGRESS). The Democratic high command built up steam for a big meeting at Sioux Falls, S.Dak., late this month, where Adlai Stevenson and other top Democrats will commiserate with the farmers. The *Democratic Digest*, which sets the party line, slapped Benson's picture on the cover of its September issue, along with the dubious headline: FARMERS GET THE BUSINESS.

The Republicans, showing a new kind of surefootedness, backed down not one step. Out from National Committee headquarters went the word that one of the G.O.P.'s chief campaigners in the fall will be Ezra Benson, who already has been booked for speeches in 16 states west of the Alleghenies in September and October.

Eisenhower had made a 180° turn in the U.S. Government's attitude toward the national economy, and he and the Democrats were both prepared to fight out the fall elections on that issue.

THE PRESIDENCY A Matter of Opinion

Last week the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee asked General Mark Clark for his opinion on the cold war. Said Clark: Russia should be ejected from the U.N. and diplomatic relations with the

U.S.S.R. should be broken off. Next day, reporters at President Eisenhower's press conference asked him if he agreed. Clark said the President, is an intimate personal friend of more than 40 years and an extremely capable soldier. But his views are by no means the views of Ike's Administration. He is quite certain, Ike said, that the U.N. must be retained as a world forum. The task is not to scuttle it but to make it work. The U.S., he added, cannot possibly serve its own best interests by cutting off diplomatic relations with its major antagonist.®

Another reporter then asked the President about suggestions that America launch a "preventive war" against the Communist world. Ike defined preventive war as waging some sort of quick police action to avoid a terrific cataclysm of destruction later. Under present conditions, said Ike, a preventive attack would inevitably result in atomic retaliation, leave cities in ruins, thousands dead or mangled. That isn't preventive war, the President said, that is war, and he would not even listen to anyone who came to talk with him about it. A reporter asked if his objection to preventive war was merely military. The President said that there were all sorts of reasons, moral and political, against the theory, but it was so completely unthinkable that there was no use to discuss it any further.

The President expressed optimism about the chances of avoiding a general war. Among his reasons: fighting has stopped in Korea and Indo-China; explosive disputes have been settled in Suez, Iran and Guatemala. He said that the settlements gave the free world a better chance to "build a structure that will really be impervious to Communist assault." Said he: "I believe if we do this intelligently, work effectively toward the end, there will be no war."

Last week the President also

¶ Invited his Cabinet to a sport-shirt Cabinet meeting and picnic at Camp David, the presidential weekend retreat near Thurmont, Md.

¶ Told West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer that the Administration does not favor any bills now before Congress that would restore German property seized during World War II to that nation.

® The President's words did not still another general, James A. Van Fleet. At week's end he subscribed to Clark's views about the Russians, said Van Fleet: "We ought to kick them out of the U.N."

THE CONGRESS

Bumper Crop

One of the last surviving wartime-emergency measures for bolstering the domestic economy is the rigid, 90%-of-parity price support for "basic" crops (corn, wheat, cotton, rice and peanuts). Last week the U.S. Senate put the Government-support program on a flexible 82½%-90% formula.

The 90% level, needed in wartime to encourage food production in the face of shortages and inflation, was due to go out within two years after President Truman declared war's end in 1946. But farm-bloc Congressmen of both parties found that 90% was the sweetest manna in the political crib. Democrats conveniently forgot that in prewar 1938, Congress set the basic-crop price-support floor at only 52½%; retrospectively, they sold 90% supports as a New Deal measure. Every two years, Congress extended the 90% supports, and farm surpluses piled up in Government storage houses. Example: the U.S. owns 764 million bushels of wheat, 100 million more than a full year's supply. The Agriculture Department estimates this year's wheat crop at 977 million bushels, which would add another 300 million to the surplus.

Clean Sweep. During last month's Senate filibuster, Vermont's rustic George Aiken, chairman of the Agriculture Committee, almost despaired of bringing the Administration's farm bill to a vote during the Senate's session-end log jam. Since his committee had voted against him, he faced a major floor fight to restore President Eisenhower's flexible formula.

When the fight started last fortnight, Aiken brought up his amendment to authorize supports ranging from 80½%-90% of parity. Later he made a careful nose count of the Senate, learned that the vote

would be too close for comfort. Deciding that the 82½%-90% scale which the House of Representatives had previously voted could carry, Aiken asked Kansas' Andrew Schoepel to propose it. This shored up Schoepel's wavering support and clothed the plan with the mantle of a wheat-state Senator. For the prestige of sponsoring the winning compromise, and for the promise of presidential backing in this fall's election, Republican Schoepel was willing (if not eager) to oblige.

When, on a 49-44 vote, the Schoepel amendment was adopted, the nation had a policy of flexibility, and President Eisenhower had harvested a bumper legislative crop. With the farm-bloc diehards thus shaken, George Aiken moved in to score a clean sweep on other provisions of the bill. In fast succession, the Senate beat away the chaff of demands for 1) increasing price supports on soybeans and feed grains (oats, rye, barley, grain sorghums), 2) imposing cattle supports at a rigid 80% of parity, and 3) pegging dairy supports at 80% instead of the 75% set by Agriculture Secretary Ezra Benson.

Final Tally. Standing inflexibly against flexibility was a small band of Republican irresponsibles, including North Dakota's William Langer and Wisconsin's Joe McCarthy. When the manna-hunters' sniping subsided, the Senate passed and sent to conference with the House the Agricultural Adjustment Act of 1954. The final Senate tally: 62-28. Voting "aye" were 44 Republicans, 18 Democrats. Voting "nay" were Wayne Morse, 24 Democrats and three Republicans. The three: Minnesota's Ed Thyne, Bill Langer and Joe McCarthy.

Fast Work

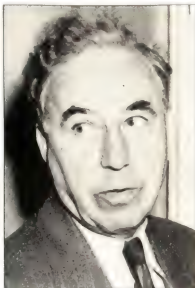
Shifting into high gear last week, the Senate also:

✓ Passed a bill to deny Red-led labor unions the NLRB's protection of their collective-bargaining rights.

✓ Voted 85-0 to tack onto the Red-led union bill a rider designed to "outlaw" the Communist Party, a proposition opposed by Attorney General Brownell and FBI Director Hoover on the ground that it would drive Communists underground. This surprise move was sprung by Wayne Morse and two Democrats, Minnesota's Humphrey and Massachusetts' Kennedy, as a partisan response to McCarthy's charges that Democrats are soft on Communism. Michigan's Homer Ferguson pointed out that the rider merely outlaws a name, does not cope with overt subversive acts. "What conduct would the Senator make illegal by his amendment?" he asked Humphrey.

✓ Passed and sent to the White House the Witness Immunity Bill, after accepting the House's provisions for federal judges, instead of congressional committees, to decide which Fifth Amendment witnesses should be forced to testify.

✓ Sent the Atomic Energy bill back to joint Senate-House conference for further revision. Democrats charged that the bill's patent and licensing system denied pre-



KANSAS' SCHOEPEL
in with the harvest.

ferred treatment to public and cooperative electric power organizations and would encourage private atomic energy monopolies. On a vote of 48 to 41 they won their point.

✓ Authorized a temporary national debt limit increase until next June of \$6 billion. The House had voted to raise it permanently by \$15 billion.

✓ Passed a Social Security revision bill extending coverage to 7,000,000 new workers and improving retirement benefits in many categories.

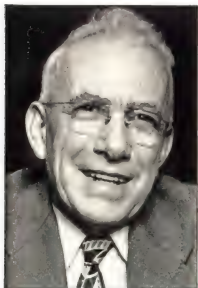
✓ Passed and sent to the White House a bill giving 2,000,000 veterans a 5½% boost in disability compensation and increasing allowances for veterans' dependents up to 25%.

✓ Appropriated \$2,790,824,816 for foreign aid, after adopting a \$200 million slash put forward by South Carolina's Burnet Maybank. The Senate's total is \$100 million below the House appropriation, \$264 million below the program authorization, \$643 million below the President's request.

The Interminable Trial

Franz Kafka's *The Trial* is a parable of modern man's vague, gnawing anxiety: the accused never learns the charge or the evidence against him. The U.S. Senate, in its repeated and unsuccessful efforts to pass judgment on Joe McCarthy, keeps writing an even more modern parable: it hears the evidence again and again, as a way of postponing the verdict.

Last week the special committee whose job it is to decide whether the Senate should censure McCarthy met under the chairmanship of Utah's Senator Arthur Vivian Watkins. Before it, or at least available to it, was more evidence about McCarthy than any man could read in a lifetime. Fair or foul, McCarthy's record is written plain in transcript upon tons of transcript. What might be painfully dif-



VERMONT'S AIKEN
Away with the chaff,

difficult is the judgment to be passed on that record. Is his conduct unbecoming a Senator of the U.S.?

Postponing this painful judgment, the Senators have decided to hold hearings to elicit the facts. The trial ritual will be mocked again—as it was in the Army-McCarthy hearings. Witnesses will be heard, and, the committee decided last week, Joe will have the right to cross-examine them. This week Joe demanded that one of his accusers, Senator Ralph Flanders, return from a vacation in Europe and be put under oath as a “complaining witness.” Actually, Flanders is no more a “witness” than any other American who can read or look at television. Flanders is a man who says that certain actions are improper. There is little doubt about the actions; the argument is about their propriety.

Because the Senate committee decided not to face up to the ethical and political problems, the case, to the delight of Democrats, will be in the lap of embarrassed Republicans right up to the November elections. Republican Senators know this, but Sergeant Friday's influence is too strong. All they want is the facts, ma'am.

ARMED FORCES

Zwicker to Zama

Brigadier General Ralph Zwicker, 51, commandant at Camp Kilmer, whose resentment of Senator Joe McCarthy's whipping examination touched off the Army-McCarthy hearings, last week announced that he had received his orders to report to the U.S. Army Forces, Far East, at Zama, Japan, for further assignment. Zama itself lies in the direction of Siberia. How much closer Zwicker will ultimately find himself depends on the state of the Army's heart when it is time for his next move.

POLITICAL NOTES

Home on the Range

Across the jack-pine hills of Idaho came the twang of a familiar guitar and the whine of an even more familiar baritone lustily singing: “From this valley they say you are going, / We will miss your sweet face and your smile.” Glen Taylor, troubadour politician, ex-Senator (1944-50) and Henry Wallace's vice-presidential candidate on the Progressive Party ticket in 1948, had come home from self-imposed exile in California to ask a favor from the voters. Said Taylor: “I want to go back to Washington because I want a job and I can't find anything else to do.”

Wearing a grey toupee and a brace on his back, Taylor, with his 19-year-old son, Arod, went from house to house in a state where houses are far apart. He explained his brace to rapt audiences. Six years of sitting in a Senate seat had caused partial collapse of his backbone. Said Glen: “I gave my all for you people, sitting there in Washington. But now I've got a wonderful brace. And in the Senate the man who works the hardest is the one who does the most sitting. With this brace, I can outsit them all.”

Democratic Party leaders avoided Progressive Taylor like poison, asked voters to do the same. In the 1950 primary, Taylor was beaten by 948 votes by D. Worth Clark. But this year a third candidate entered the race and took some anti-Taylor votes away from Glen's chief opponent, Claude Burtenshaw, a Mormon professor from Ricks College. Last week the primary was held, and Taylor won by about 2,300 votes. Said Burtenshaw: “It looks like the left wing has taken over the party.”

Taylor tuned up his guitar for the fall campaign against G.O.P. Senator



CANDIDATE TAYLOR & SON
He could outsit them all.

Henry Dworshak. In Washington, Senator Dworshak heard the news, ran a hand through his ample hair and braced himself for a vigorous campaign to “clarify the issues.”

First Aid

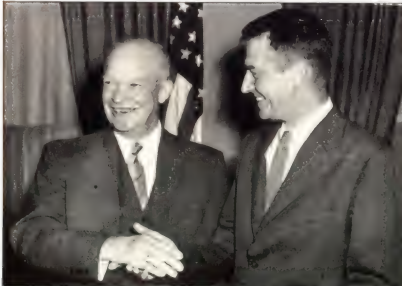
New Jersey's right-wing Republicans have been trying to commit fratricide against Clifford Case, the G.O.P. senatorial candidate, ever since Case denounced Joe McCarthy (TIME, July 19). Soon after that, 10,000 circulars titled “The Case Against Case” went out across the state. The circulars attacked the ex-Congressman as the candidate of the C.I.O. and the A.D.A. and an enemy of the late Bob Taft. The tide got so strong that last week Chief Republican Dwight Eisenhower came to Case's aid.

To a White House luncheon Ike called Case, Vice President Richard Nixon, National Chairman Leonard Hall, top New Jersey politicians and, most important, Illinois Senator Everett Dirksen, an old-fashioned, free-style orator and chairman of the G.O.P. senatorial campaign committee. After lunch, McCarthy-Backer Dirksen, who is beginning to be known around Washington as “the Wizard of Ooze,” said he would campaign for Case this fall. Two days later, at his weekly press conference, the President gave Case solid endorsement.

Goody, Goody

California's Newlywed Governor Goodwin (“Goody”) Knight interrupted his yachting honeymoon to attend the annual meeting of the state Republican central committee at Sacramento. When the convention ended last week, Goody went back to his bride, but the honeymoon, if any, in the California G.O.P. was over for good.

Ever since 1952 there has been uneasy quiet in the state organization. A contest for power in 1956 between the backers of



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER & CANDIDATE CASE
“The Wizard of Ooze” would be in their corner.

Vice President Richard Nixon and the supporters of Senator William Knowland seemed to be building up Governor Knight, who never got much help from the old Bill Knowland-Earl Warren alliance, was expected to be for Nixon. As it turned out, Goody was for Goody.

Knight wanted his Southern California campaign manager, Insurance Executive Howard Ahmanson, named vice chairman of the state central committee—a job that would almost automatically make him state chairman next term. A bloc of Nixon's closest political friends, including Congressmen Pat Hillings, Carl Hinshaw and Joe Holt and Republican Glamour Girl Mildred Younger, came to the convention with other plans. The Nixon group backed Rancher Ray Arbutnot for the job. They held a press conference, at which Hillings said: "Governor Knight conceded . . . that he is trying to control the Republican Party by pressure and brute force." Knight answered with a public charge that "The Nixon Team" (privately, he included Nixon himself in the charge) had broken a pledge to support Ahmanson. Hillings & Co. denied that Nixon, who was busy in Washington, was behind their fight.

Then Knowland, who has always considered Dick Nixon an upstart, arrived at the convention and quietly passed the word that he was for Ahmanson. He blocked a move for a secret ballot in the election, and the Nixon bloc caved in. Ahmanson was chosen by acclamation, and thereby Goody Knight took a long step toward control of the California delegation to the 1956 Republican National Convention.

Point of No Return

For years Nebraskans virtually ignored personal-property taxes, fibbed unashamedly to the county assessor. A look at tax rolls made it appear that most Nebraskans were living as primitively as their sod-busting pioneer ancestors—without refrigerators, radios, gas stoves or jewelry. Last year Freshman Governor Robert Crosby told citizens that real-estate taxes could be lowered if they would honestly pay their personal-property taxes. Crosby, young (43) and ambitious, started an "Operation Honesty" campaign, crisscrossed the state by plane (TIME, March 15), making speeches every chance he got.

When Senator Dwight Griswold died this year, the governor filed as a candidate to serve the remaining four years of Griswold's term. His chief opponent in the G.O.P. primary was veteran (eight terms) Congressman Carl T. Curtis, 40. Last week the primary election ballots were counted, and Curtis was an overwhelming winner. Crosby, it seemed, had carried honesty too far.

Cherry Turnover

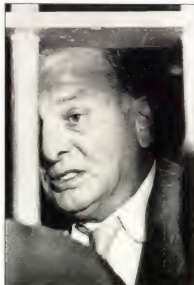
In Arkansas' Democratic primary last month, first-term Governor Francis Cherry ran 45,000 votes ahead of his nearest opponent, Orval E. Faubus, but two other candidates received enough votes to force



WINNER FAUBUS & WIFE
The game got rough.

Cherry into a runoff. In the overtime period, the game got rough.

Faubus, onetime highway director for ex-Governor Sid McMath, was accused of attending Commonwealth College in the Ouachita Mountains, Commonwealth, which folded in 1940, was later branded a Communist-line school by the U.S. Department of Justice. Faubus admitted he had hitchhiked to the school from his Ozark home in 1935 to accept a proffered scholarship, spotted the Red danger signals after a few weeks, and hiked right back home. Cherry refused to let the matter drop, suggested Faubus was lying. Faubus fought back with a charge that Cherry was the tool of special business interests; he chortled happily when the Arkansas Power & Light Co. raised electric rates at election time.



LOSER TOUBY
The talk tales got confusing.

The candidates carried their race right to the finish line last week by appearing together on an election-eye television show, where they called for a large turnout of voters⁹ and then resumed their quarrel over Commonwealth College. Next day the voters settled the argument. Faubus won by 6,600 votes, and Cherry became the second governor in Arkansas' history to be denied a second term.

THE LAW

How Terrible Was Roger?

Labyrinthine beyond all final mapping are the convolutions of history. Nothing stays put. It was once settled, apparently, that Ivan the Terrible was terrible, until in 1945 Sergei Eisenstein's movie "proved" that Ivan's epithet merely meant that he struck terror into the hearts of his fatherland's dastardly enemies. But if Ivan was only questionably terrible, what of Roger ("The Terrible") Touhy? Here, surely, was solid ground. A nation that could trust neither carlist nor Soviet historians must be able to trust the rewritten men on its own Chicago newspapers in the '20s.

Yet last week U.S. Federal District Judge John P. Barnes (who wears a beard) decided that Roger was not so terrible. The judge issued a writ of habeas corpus (with a 774-page opinion) freeing Roger from prison, where he had served only 21 years of a 99-year sentence. Judge Barnes said that Roger had been railroaded on a charge of kidnapping Jake ("The Barber") Factor, another character in the '20s' melodrama of crime, which either was or was not more real than a Slavic folk tale.

Vindicated, Roger, a meek little man who, legend said, had once controlled the northwest Cook County beer traffic, came out from behind bars and went fishing. Wiseacres recalled doubts about Roger's terribleness; one claimed that his brother Thomas had really been Tommy ("The Terrible") Touhy; and the name was mistakenly hung on Roger by a rewriterman insufficiently instructed in the tribal traditions.

The State of Illinois, whose jury and judge had convicted and sentenced Roger in 1934, promptly and indignantly appealed against Judge Barnes's setting aside of the long-standing conviction. The U.S. Court of Appeals agreed with the State of Illinois, and Roger, terrible once more, crept back to his cell.

In conference at Chicago, the Association of [State] Chief Justices took Judge Barnes's decision as one more example of the growing tendency of federal courts to intervene in nonfederal cases. The chief justices passed a resolution demanding that lower federal courts refrain from issuing writs of habeas corpus for persons held under the jurisdiction of state courts.

So the question of who or what was terrible—Roger or law enforcement—is still to be answered.

⁹ The appeal got an enthusiastic response in Faubus' home county, Madison, where 10,000 of the county's 100,000 residents

COMMUNISTS

Two-Way Street

Keenly aware that Western Europe was shaken by the defection of West German Intelligence Chief Otto John to Communist East Germany (see FOREIGN NEWS), the U.S. last week reminded the world that defection is a two-way street—with the heaviest traffic running freedom's way. At a specially summoned press conference, the State Department produced Yuri Rastvorov, 33, the six-footer who was a high-ranking MVD spy in Japan before he fled from the Soviet embassy* and asked U.S. authorities for protection last winter (TIME, Feb. 15).

Rastvorov phlegmatically faced some 200 correspondents in the State Department auditorium, talked innocuously about his background in fluent but heavily accented English. His mother, he said, secretly had him baptized when he was a baby, but was too fearful even to tell his father. His grandfather was turned off a small farm by the government because he once hired a man to help him get in the crops; the grandfather subsequently starved to death. His uncle was an army doctor who was taken prisoner by the Germans, was put through a three-year "quarantine camp" on his return to Russia because he had seen the outside world, and after that constantly was held under suspicion.

"I tried hard all my life to believe in this [Communist] system," Rastvorov related, "but I could not . . . After I saw with my own eyes how people live their own lives and how they get along with each other in free countries [I decided] to leave forever a fatherland which [was] a concentration camp."

The Justice Department announced that Rastvorov would be granted asylum in the U.S. The State Department added that Soviet Ambassador Georgy Zarubin—who had been demanding to know Rastvorov's whereabouts—had been invited to talk to Rastvorov in the State Department, but the embassy replied that the ambassador was indisposed, and so were all of his assistants.

Nine More Convictions

In Philadelphia, after a 71-day trial, nine more leaders of the Communist Party were found guilty last week of conspiracy to teach and advocate overthrow of the U.S. Government. The verdicts brought to a total of 81 the number of Communist convictions under the Smith Act.

* Among other Soviet agents who had fled: General Walter G. Krivitsky, who escaped to the West in 1937, and was found shot to death in a Washington hotel room in 1941; Captain Victor (I Chast Freedom) Kravchenko, 1944; Soviet Cipher Clerk Igor Gouzenko, whose defection broke up a Canadian spy ring, 1945; Captain Nikolai Khokhlov, assigned to assassinate an anti-Communist Russian in West Germany, last February; and Vladimir Petrov, Soviet spy planted in the Russian embassy in Australia, last April.

THE ADMINISTRATION

"The Old Car Peddler"

(See Cover)

In the vast, air-conditioned, limestone building covering five acres of Washington, D.C. which Harold Ickes built for his Interior Department in 1936, there is a sixth-floor suite lovingly planned by Ickes for Ickes. Two private elevators lead to the Ickes suite: two Alaskan totem poles flank the entry hall, 55 feet long. Beyond come stenographic offices and then the Secretary's private office: walnut-floored, oak-paneled and immense (960 sq. ft., as much as a five-room house). Near by are the private aide's office, private dining room, private conference room (which Ickes sometimes used as his bedroom) and private bathroom (where Ickes used to wipe his feet happily on a bath mat emblazoned with the Republican elephant). In Ickes' enormous room, at Ickes' great, gleaming desk, there now sits a successor who cares nothing for mussolinian magnificence: Douglass McKay, 61, veteran Chevrolet dealer

—"the old car peddler," he calls himself—from Salem, Ore.

This election year, Doug McKay is engaged in a basic political struggle with the shade of Harold Ickes and his heirs. The issue: federal management of resources v. the Eisenhower slogan of partnership between Government and business. In the West, this conflict is much sharper than in the rest of the U.S. The West grew up under the Federal Government's wing. McKay's opponents are betting that it wants to stay there. Eisenhower, McKay & Co. think they see signs that the West, even on such issues as who develops water power, is ready to emerge from Washington's sheltering protection. Control of Congress (six seats in the Senate, about a score in the House) may depend on which of these views is correct. Doug McKay is politician enough to know this, but the unaccustomed weight on his shoulders doesn't worry him much.

"Country Boy." When McKay was governor of Oregon—his biggest job before coming to Washington with Ickes—two of the toughest decisions he faced



SECRETARY MCKAY ON PACK TRIP LAST WEEK IN YOSEMITE
Work hard, sit loose and sleep when worried.

were whether to proclaim daylight time (thus annoying farmers) and whether to ban hunting when forests were tinder-dry (thus annoying Oregon's legions of deer-slayers). In Washington McKay's horizons have enlarged considerably, without affecting the size of his hat. As Interior Secretary, he is the nation's biggest land-lord, greatest giver of light and water, master of forest and range, controller of minerals and oil, boss of 56,000 people and a \$519 million budget.

"It's fantastic, me having this job," McKay told the crowds on a trip home to Oregon last year. "I'm just a country boy, just a punk governor from a little state." His appointment as Secretary of the Interior, he said, reminded him of the small boy who entered his pet pooch in a pedigreed dog show; when told he was sure to lose, the boy replied, "That's all right—I didn't expect him to win. I just wanted to enter him so he could meet a lot of nice dogs."

Personally—but not politically—McKay has been compared to Harry S. Truman. Both have a chipmunk's cheeky air; both are short, jaunty, friendly and folksy. They would look even more alike if McKay's nose had not been flattened years ago by a fall from a horse. Like Truman, McKay has a zest for people and politics, a talent for oil-the-cuff oratory and off-the-cob jokes. The resemblance to Truman ends there: McKay made money in business, and he learned his politics not from Kansas City's Pendergast but in Salem's antiseptic, traditionally Republican atmosphere.

Crutch & Cripples. At his first Washington news conference, early last year, Secretary McKay remarked that the Interior Department has as many parts as a Chevrolet. He knew the car parts were essential, but he added that he was not too sure about Interior's. Since then he has abolished five divisions, dropped 4,000 workers and cut the budget nearly \$200 million from its pre-McKay peak. Interior remains one of the greatest, most powerful and least-known departments of the Government.

Interior rules one-third of the nation's area. It controls ranching, mining, lumbering and all economic activity on 750 million acres—an area greater than France, Germany, Italy and Scandinavia combined. It supervises 16,000 Eskimos, 400,000 Indians and 3,000,000 far-flung people from self-governing Puerto Rico to Yap, a South Pacific trust island where the currency is stones. It marketed, in 1952, more electric power than the nation's eight biggest private utilities.

Interior's domain and duties seem boundless:

¶ Its Reclamation Bureau has spent \$2 billion to water the arid West and tame rivers like the Colorado (see color pages). Reclamation built the world's greatest irrigation system—California's Central Valley Project—and four biggest dams: Hoover, Shasta, Hungry Horse and Grand



Coulee (which has generating rooms twice as big as Yankee Stadium).

¶ Its Bureau of Indian Affairs supervises 56 million acres of Indian land, operates 62 hospitals. One problem: Who is an Indian? A man who was only 1/256th Indian once cut himself in on tribal benefits. The answer: an Indian is, usually, anyone with at least one Indian grandparent.

¶ Its Fish and Wildlife Service tries to keep the nation's 32 million fishermen and hunters happy. runs 200 game refuges, breeds 227 million fish eggs yearly, has developed underwater television to study fishing from the viewpoint of a fish.

¶ Its Office of Territories runs Interior's exterior, tries to entice industry to America's outposts. As one result, the Exquisite Form Brassiere Co. may set up a bra factory in Samoa.

¶ It puts identifying bands and tags on birds, fish, crabs and the bats from New Mexico's vast Carlsbad Caverns; it runs a railroad; it operates 2,791 radio transmission stations; it combats the West's halogeton weed (which poisons cattle) and the South's water hyacinth (which smothers fish); it inspects mines; it maintains more than 60,000 graves; it flies 67 planes and three helicopters; it manages a herd of 1,500,000 fur seals on the

DOMAIN



Pribilof Islands; it is the world's biggest employer of engineers and it protects the nation's last 23 whooping cranes, 577 trumpeter swans and a few midget deer.

Work for Worth. All this, to Secretary McKay, is too much. "Once we make a crutch of the Government," he believes, "we are on our way to becoming political cripples." He wants—at the right time and on the right terms—independence for the Indians, statehood for Alaska and Hawaii, private initiative on electric power and more private ownership of public lands.

On the last named point of this program, McKay has good historical prece-

dent. In the 19th century, Interior's General Land Office did a land-office business virtually giving away land—for railroads, land-grant colleges and, mostly, homesteading.² Lincoln, who made homesteading the law, believed in "settling of the

² The first homesteader: Union Soldier Daniel Freeman, on Jan. 1, 1863. A few minutes after the law came into effect at midnight, he dragged a protesting land registrar from a New Year's Eve dance to file his claim at Beatrice, Neb., later built a log cabin for his family and planted 400 peach trees on his 160-acre quarter section. Typically, Interior has since reclaimed the claim. Now it's Homestead National Monument.

wild lands into small parcels so that every poor man may have a home." The theory was that the people would work the land, build up the nation and make it great. In the 20th century came a new idea: the Federal Government should build up the nation and make it great.

That idea grew to obsess Ickes and, until McKay, the Interior Department. In 1935, under Ickes, all public lands were closed to public settlement. Thenceforth the pattern was plain: the public domain was for the Government, not the public. The result: 54% of the eleven Western states is still federal land, much of it undeveloped and unproductive. Nearly 100 million acres have never been surveyed. In Interior's forests some 9 billion valuable board feet of wind-thrown timber are moldering away, hindering new growth.

McKay believes in conservation, not decomposition. He has pushed the surveys needed for land development. In Nevada, which is 85% federally owned, says McKay, "the survey was going so slowly it wouldn't have been finished for a thousand years. I've fixed it so the job will be done this century anyway." He has pushed timber cutting to provide a permanent yield (as practiced by big Western operators, like Crown Zellerbach and Weyerhaeuser, whose future lies in future forest growth).

McKay's definition: "Conservation means wise use . . . Natural resources are not worth a thing unless you put work into them."

Struggle for Power. To Doug McKay, there is no public-power issue. In 1932 he was president of the Salem Public Ownership League; he has long supported local public power, and he insists: "Public power is here to stay." The real issue is federal power, which is very different—and which has increased from less than 1% of the nation's total in 1935 to more than 13% last year.

McKay ended Interior's struggle for power. One evening last year, soon after taking over, McKay told his wife: "I've made my decision on Hell's Canyon—boy, will I catch hell tomorrow." His decision: to drop Interior's delaying action against the Idaho Power Co. No Congress, Democratic or Republican, had ever authorized Interior to build at Hell's Canyon, and no Congress in the foreseeable future would vote the needed funds (\$842.5 million). But Interior had done everything possible to get the site and to stop Idaho Power from building dams with its own money.

Healthy Climate. Partnership means simply that Interior will help power projects, where possible, and might pay part of construction costs (for flood control and navigation benefits, both federal responsibilities). Henceforth, McKay said, the Federal Government will build only projects too big for any other outfit. Example: the \$1.2 billion five-state Upper Colorado project.

The Colorado basin would benefit immensely; however, thousands of protests

against the project have hit McKay's desk. Reason: professional nature lovers like Bernard DeVoto, Richard Neuberger and Wallace Stegner, all of whom wear shoes and live in houses while writing about the great outdoors, have raised an outcry because the project would flood part of Dinosaur National Monument.

McKay's reply: "As it is, 2,200 people a year see that park. On the other hand, 3,750,000 people in the Upper Colorado basin are thirsting for water. I'm all for wilderness areas, but when there is a choice between that and man's chance to earn a living on reclaimed soil, I'm for the working man's chance."

To McKay, partnership is based both on principle and on practical sense. The Northwest alone requires \$3.5 billion worth of new power by 1974, and no conceivable Congress would pumple up that much money for one region. "This country," said McKay, "is growing so rapidly that we must have the effort of everyone. The Federal Government cannot do it all." And a federal dog-in-the-manger attitude holds off private capital.

Can local initiative and private capital produce the power? "You're damned right we can!" declared Kinsey Robinson, president of Spokane's Washington Water Power Co. "We could have done it a long time ago if the climate had been right." Superintendent Paul Raver of Seattle City Light, former chief of the federal Bonneville Power Administration, joined in a declaration: "We recognize our responsibility to produce 1.6 million new kilowatts in the next ten years, and we intend to do it."

Partnership may be paying off. Presently planned new projects in the Northwest alone total a thumping 5,240,000 kilowatts capacity. Construction cost: \$1.5 billion, not at federal expense.

Power Politics. McKay's partnership power policy is a hot issue in several states. In Kentucky, concern for TVA could defeat Republican Senator John Sherman Cooper, although he does not share his party's position. In Wyoming, ex-Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney is trying to come back with an all-out attack on McKay. In Idaho, where Hell's Canyon is a burning issue, some pro-McKay candidates lost last week's primaries. In Montana, Fair-Dealing Senator James Murray is campaigning against McKay rather than his opponent. In Washington, two Republican Congressmen (Walt Horan and Russell Mack) have dissociated themselves from McKay's policy. In Oregon, McKay's own state, he is blamed for the shortage of kilowatts which requires dimouts. The Oregon issue is as clear as mountain air: a victory for Journalist Dick Neuberger, the Democratic senatorial candidate, would be a stinging defeat, not just for Republican Senator Guy Cordon, but for McKay and Administration policy.

As McKay expected, he has caught hell. No other member of the President's Cabinet, not even Ezra Benson, has suffered so much personal attack. Sample labels: Dimout Doug, No-Dam Doug and Give-



EX-SECRETARY ICKES
In the bathroom, an elephant.

away McKay. Orators call him a stooge of the power trusts, lumber barons, cattle kings and the other Lucifers of New Deal demonology. McKay shrugs: "I've sold automobiles for 32 years, and I was once a second lieutenant in the Army, so I've been cussed by experts. It doesn't bother me a bit." Sometimes it does: when his honesty is questioned, McKay is apt to reply—firmly—in the next mail. He resented the charge of selling out the West: "How could I sell my own state down the river? Oregon's where I've made every penny I've earned, where everything I own is tied up, where my family has been won for generations."

Hard & Loose. In Oregon, which has nice weather for ducks, McKay is called a "real webfoot." His grandparents,

covered-wagon pioneers, settled there more than a century ago. A great-grandmother died on the endless Oregon Trail, and a great-uncle was dismembered by Indians, who filled his stomach with stones and tossed his body back into his cabin. His grandfather ran a Hudson's Bay Company store, drifted to California looking for gold with three burros ("one for groceries, one for dynamite and one for chewing tobacco") but returned empty-handed.

As a boy McKay milked the cows at his grandfather's farm on a Columbia River island. His father seldom came home with any money and, one day, never came home at all. His mother found a job as a seamstress, and young Doug McKay went to work. He sold candy in a Portland theater between the acts, until stopped by the child-labor laws. Later he delivered papers, drove a meat wagon, then quit high school to work in a railroad office. But he yearned for a farm of his own; he studied nights and saved enough to get a degree at Oregon Agricultural College (now Oregon State). But the war came, and the farm went glimmering.

On the last night of 1918's Meuse-Argonne offensive, Lieut. James Douglas McKay, back from patrol, stopped at his outh's field kitchen just as a German shell landed. Shrapnel ripped open his leg, nicked an ear and tore off part of his right arm and shoulder. He lived mainly because "he refused to die," an Army doctor said, but he left the hospital 13 months later with a gimpy right arm. After the shell-burst, he could never again handle a plow.

Ever since, McKay has been careful of his health. On political campaigns, he has learned to sleep sitting up; in Oregon he carried a pillow in his car to sleep on while crossing town between speeches. He likes to quote the old colored mammy: "When I works, I works hard. When I sits, I sits loose. When I worries, I goes to sleep."

Elks, Eagles, Everything. After the war McKay, 66% disabled, got a Saxon car

WESTERN GOLD: WATER

ALL THE GOLD ever mined in California is not worth a single year's rainfall," said California's onetime Governor Earl Warren, now U.S. Chief Justice. To many Westerners the Federal Government's chief reason for existence is to provide water. The Government, in this instance, means Secretary McKay's Interior Department, which is responsible for reclamation.

Almost everywhere in the U.S., water is delivered free with every rain, but not west of the 100th meridian, where the Great Plains begin. Westward of the line, rainfall rates drop from 100 inches a year to 20 or 10 or even less. Old maps labeled the area: "The Great American Desert (Uninhabitable)." But in irrigated areas the Great American Desert is blooming like a rose. Brigham Young's Mormon pioneers built the West's first modern irrigation project in 1847. Now, more than 25 million once-arid acres of the Western states produce an incredible profusion of fiber and grain, vegetables and fruits because of water dammed, sluiced, pumped and channeled from the Colorado, the Columbia and the West's other great rivers.

For 2,000 miles the Colorado cuts across the West, drains 246,000 square miles and—thanks to reclamation projects like Hoover Dam—makes faucets flow and deserts flower. The Interior Department is presently planning to irrigate the vast Upper Colorado Basin with two more great dams. In all, another 15 million acres of the waterless West can be economically reclaimed. The rest may forever remain lunar landscape, like Green River's grotesque canyon and Monument Valley's stark buttes (see color pages).

THE COLORADO RIVER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY SIGURD HUNTER

MOUNTAIN HEADWATERS, fed by melting snow in Rockies, pour from Granby Reservoir to start Colorado on 1,450-mile course to Gulf of California.



GREEN RIVER (*right*), first explored by fur trappers in buffalo-hide boats, flows down from Wyoming to join salt-ticken Colorado in rugged canyon country of eastern Utah.





MONUMENT VALLEY, astride Arizona—
Utah border was once covered by inland



sea. Receding waters and centuries of wind carved its towering sandstone buttes.



HOOVER DAM, the world's tallest, is dwarfed by lava hills flanking Colorado River and Lake Mead (background) on Arizona-Nevada border. Gypsum deposits line water's edge.

PUMPING PLANT, driving Colorado River water through network of canals, helps turn the Arizona desert green with irrigated crops on Yuma Valley farms near Mexican border.



and started to sell. By 1927 he had saved enough money to move his family to Salem, buy a General Motors franchise, rent an old laundry as his showroom and go into business. He dropped his first name James, for poetic reasons: "Doug McKay, Chevrolet—it rhymes." Now the company, which sells Cadillacs too, covers an acre of Salem's Commercial Street; the payroll runs to about 80 men and the year's business to \$2,500,000. His two sons-in-law run it.

In Salem, McKay belongs to the Elks, Eagles, Kiwanis, Knights Templars, Masons, American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Order of the Purple Heart, Phi Delta Theta, and the Capital Card Club. For parades, he blossoms out in elegantly embroidered Western cowboy clothes. He likes to ride his horse—named Eugene Peavine. Gene for short. His outfit turned out to be good business, good politics and good fun.

McKay, a natural-born politician, has never lost an election since college, where he was elected class and student-body president. In Salem, after only five years in town, he was elected mayor.

Above & Beyond. On Dec. 7, 1941, the day the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, Doug McKay was in Hawaii with the Willamette University football team from Salem. When a bomb landed two blocks from the hotel, he exploded: "By God, I'm Marion County defense chairman. I've got to get back home."

Before he could do so, he had to help defend Hawaii by passing out Springfield rifles to the football squad and leading them that night on a beach patrol. Back home he volunteered (at 48), waiving disability pay, and was commissioned a captain. The Army kept him in Oregon all through the war; at least, said McKay, "I released a WAC for overseas duty." In 1945 state party leaders urged him to get



SECRETARY MCKAY & ESKIMOS
For Alaskans, advice from uncle.

his discharge and run for president of the state senate. McKay refused: "I asked to get into the Army. I won't ask to get out." In 1947, Oregon's governor was killed in a plane crash and McKay decided to run. "I'm not mad at anybody," he announced. "If the people want me—O.K. If they don't—O.K." They did, twice running.

McKay supported Ike for President in 1952 but never met him until 1952's famed "return to Abilene." Ike's memorable ad-lib speech that afternoon overwhelmed McKay. "It was the most moving thing I have ever heard," he later declared.

Just before the 1952 convention, McKay visited Ike at Denver's Brown Palace Hotel. "General Eisenhower," he recalled, "walked down the hall with me. He put his arm over my shoulder and asked me what I thought of the idea of a Columbia Valley Authority. I said I was against it, that I didn't believe in federal domination of a river valley. That's the only time I ever told Eisenhower my views until he called me and asked me to join the Cabinet."

"Oh dear," said Mrs. McKay, when she heard of the call to Washington. "I just planted 300 bulbs."

Of Cakes & Mink. Mabel Hill McKay is famed across Oregon for her angel food cake. In Salem once, *Oregon Journal* Photographer Les Ordeman took some pictures of her at the oven. He tried some cake, liked it and said so. Pleased, Mrs. McKay said she'd bake one for his birthday. He laughed and left without even telling her the date; soon he forgot about it. On his next birthday a black Cadillac drove up to Ordeman's, a chauffeur swung open the door and out stepped the governor of Oregon, who walked briskly to the door and delivered a homemade angel food cake. "I don't think the neighbors will ever get over it," said Ordeman. "I know my wife won't."

In Washington, as in Salem, Mabel McKay does her own cooking and much of

the housework in her five-room apartment. She writes bi-monthly reports to the Salem Bridge Club about Washington's social whirl, celebrities, gardens and fashions. She baked angel food cakes for Mamie Eisenhower's wedding anniversary for cabinet wives and for Minnie, her part-time maid.

At one Washington party McKay sharpened his tongue on an abrasive woman columnist, a strong New Deal supporter, who chattered: "I'd like you better if you'd give me one of your wife's angel food cakes." He snapped: "I didn't know you New Dealers sold out for anything less than mink coats." Usually he skips Washington parties, gets to bed around 9 for an hour's reading before lights out. Current favorite: *The Secret Diary of Harold L. Ickes*—"so I'll learn how not to run the department."

Interior's Exterior. McKay has acquired an adequate education in Washington ways. In his first week he ordered all purchases above \$10.00 to clear through his office. He noted that some bureaus wanted to buy supplies of which others had a surplus. Solution: transfer of supplies. McKay called in experts to survey every bureau in Interior, studied the three-inch-thick pile of recommendations, is rapidly reorganizing the department.

He made flying visits to Interior territories and last month covered Alaska in a whirlwind, ten-day, 7,500-mile inspection trip by plane, train, car and weasel tractor. Badgered about Alaskan statehood, McKay told off Alaskans like a Dutch uncle: "When you went down to Washington, your approach was bad. You were belligerent. . . . It was reported to me that you made several Congressmen mad. . . . Get back down to earth! Start acting like ladies and gentlemen!" His reply to reports that he wanted to keep Alaska under his control: "Horsefeathers." Alaskans were at first angry and astonished, but some applauded his straight talk.

Home in Salem, however, he is invari-



MABEL MCKAY AT WORK
For Mamie, an angel food.

ably genial, smiling, fast-talking, wise-cracking and cracker-barreling. On a trip home this month he walked into Salem's Hotel Marion and talked his way across the coffee shop nonstop: "Hi, Ted, how's the new job? Sold your house yet? . . . Well, Ben, never thought I'd see you in this part of the state this time of year. What brings you down? . . . Wayne, can I sell you a Corvette? It's a real slick car. You ought to get rid of that old heap you been driving. With the money you made out of lumber last year you ought to buy two Corvettes. . . . Bill, how's your mother? Her backache any better?"

McKay deals out homilies and wit like a prestidigitator dealing out cards, with such quick ease that the worn edges make no difference. Item: "We shouldn't run down the Democrats. I never made a nickel in my life running down the opposition. When I was selling Chevrolets, I never said a word about Fords. Heck, I didn't even know they made 'em." Item: "Anybody who quarrels with a newspaper, a traffic cop or his wife is just plain crazy." Item: "My folks were all Democrats. I come from a long line of Democrats, but I left home and learned to read."

A House & a Lot. In South Salem, McKay has a roomy, comfortable white shake house. One daughter lives there and another six blocks away. In the front hall is the familiar motto: "Home is where the heart is." Every room has some souvenir of McKay's life: a seal tusk, Eugene Peavine's trophies, family photos. Downstairs, in the basement playroom, hang Mabel McKay's blue ribbons (for cake), McKay's show ribbons (for Gene) and silly signs ("Danger—Hangover Under Construction").

In almost any nation except the U.S.A. a Cabinet minister like Doug McKay would be almost inconceivable: he is not an intellectual, an actor, a proved big-time administrator, or a leader with a large personal following. He dislikes arguing issues and he distrusts "New Deal longhairs." He knows how to do a job and how to get along with people and, in the U.S., that is sometimes better than theory.

On his first vacation as Secretary, after the hard-driving Alaskan swing, McKay went on a hard-riding pack-horse trip in California's Yosemite National Park (part of Interior's domain). For five days McKay, wearing a comfortable cowboy outfit, roughed it frontier-style—riding the steep Sierra trail, cooking in the open, camping out at night. This week, at his summer house on the Oregon coast, he relaxed with his family (13 in all, with Mabel McKay cooking).

At month's end, McKay will return to his place in the Cabinet (which he admires), to the enormous Ickes office (which he dislikes) and to his problems: reclamation and recreation, field and stream, parks and power—above all, power. He has no ambition beyond making a success of the Eisenhower program and of his job. "I've got a house in Salem and a lot in the cemetery, so I'll be coming home some day," he assures his friends.

AMERICANA

An Uncommon Man

Since last spring the little Quaker farming town of West Branch, Iowa (pop. 769) had been getting ready for the 80th birthday of its famous son. The Lions International club pushed a campaign to get the town's modest homes gleaming with new paint, and front yards trimmed to the quick. Work was rushed on the new elementary school so that the famous guest could dedicate it. The night before the big day, the Women's Society of Christian Service of the Methodist Church stored gallons of pickled beets and great bowls of applesauce in the demonstration refrigerators of Rummel's appliance store on Main Street. At mid-morning the ladies began carrying the food to a special luncheon tent, along



Associated Press

OCTOGENARIAN HOOVER

Lengthening shadows, undimmed hopes.

with 60 fried chickens, cords of fresh sweet corn, and the too-egg birthday cake baked by Mrs. Harold Heick.

Smiling mistily, Herbert Clark Hoover rode into West Branch at the head of a long motor caravan, finally wound up the ceremonial schedule amid the bunting of Hoover Park, hard by the three-room frame house where he was born Aug. 10, 1874. At speechmaking time, he was eulogized by Iowa's Governor William Beardsley and Illinois' Governor William Stratton, awarded his 80th honorary degree (Doctor of Laws from the State University of Iowa), and praised in a letter from President Eisenhower ("I look anew, and with ever-increasing admiration, upon your distinguished career"). Then Herbert Hoover stood up to tell West Branch and the U.S. what a statesman of 80—"a long time for a man to live"—had learned about his country.

At one time, he said, "our people were . . . closer to the goals of human welfare

than any other civilization in all history"—thanks to a sound political and economic system, and to carefully fashioned checks and balances to prevent political and economic tyranny. But "during the 20 years before this Administration," these checks and balances were upset by the expansion of federal power, both as a result of war and of "the various infections of socialism." One kind of balance was upset, for example, by "unrestrained presidential actions" that produced such highhanded executive agreements as Yalta and Teheran. "Our tacit alliance with Soviet Russia spread Communism over the earth . . .

"Our dangers from the gigantic Communist source of evil in the world are unending," said Hoover. "Amid these malign forces, our haunting anxiety and our paramount necessity is the defense of our country."

Imaginary Creature. Hoover was clearly as worried about the internal defenses of the nation as the external defenses. Said he: "Among the delusions offered us by fuzzy-minded people is that imaginary creature, the Common Man. It is dinned into us that this is the Century of the Common Man . . . It is the negation of individual dignity and a slogan of mediocrity and uniformity . . . The imperative need of this nation at all times is the leadership of the Uncommon Man or Women. We need men and women who cannot be intimidated, who are not concerned with applause meters, nor those who sell tomorrow for cheers today."

"A nation is strong or weak, it thrives or perishes upon what it believes to be true. If our youth is rightly instructed in the faith of our fathers, in the traditions of our country, in the dignity of each individual man, then our power will be stronger than any weapon of destruction that man can devise. And now as to this whole gamut of Socialist infections—I say to you, the neighbors of my childhood, the sons and daughters of my native state, God has blessed us with another wonderful word—heritage. The great documents of that heritage are not from Karl Marx. They are from the Bible, the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the U.S. Within them alone can the safeguards of freedom survive . . .

Lengthening Shadows. The old man glanced up at the crowd of 10,000, and at the green cornfields stretching endlessly beyond the park. "There are voices in our country," he said, "who daily sound alarms that our civilization is on the way out. Concentrated on the difficulties of our times, they see an early and dour end for us. But civilization does not decline and fall while the people still possess dynamic creative faculties, devotion to religious faith and to liberty. The American people still possess these qualities. We are not at the bedside of a nation in death agony . . . As the shadows lengthen over my years, my confidence, my hopes and dreams for my countrymen are undimmed."

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

THE BEST CONGRESS SINCE EARLY NEW DEAL YEARS

ROSCOE DRUMMOND, longtime Washington correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor and now the Washington Bureau Chief of the New York Herald Tribune.

I BELIEVE that most Washington correspondents agree [on] these conclusions about the 83rd Congress:

1) This has been an extraordinarily productive Congress. As much significant legislation has been put on the statute books as during any comparable two-year period in recent years, and more than most. The nearly balanced strength of the two parties has often in the past stalemated Congress into inaction, into something near to a "do-nothing" record. It didn't this year.

2) Despite some serious set-backs, the President won a very substantial part of his legislative program. This Congress has been more responsive to the President's requests on domestic matters than any previous Congress since the first two years of the New Deal.

3) Important parts of the Administration record concretely reflect the President's stated philosophy of government—a philosophy of economic conservatism with humanitarian overtones. This is true of the tax bill. This is true of the wide-ranging extension of social welfare measures.

4) The Administration suffered critical losses on the legislative front. It had to take only a one-year extension of the Reciprocal Trade Act, and it lost nearly all of the related measures to improve and expand foreign trade. It was unable to meet its pledge to revise the Taft-Hartley law. It was unable to honor its platform promise to give statehood to Hawaii. But it had more victories than it had defeats, and is pledged to return to do battle on all these issues when the new Congress convenes in January.

THE H-BOMB "FALL-OUT": LESSON OF THE "DRAGON"

COLUMNISTS JOSEPH & STEWART ALBOP, long advocates of greater military preparedness for the U.S., discover the "fall-out"—a new byproduct of H-bomb warfare.

SIR Winston Churchill solemnly told the House of Commons [last month] that "tremendous changes have taken place in the whole strategic position in the world which make the thoughts which were well founded and well knit together a year ago utterly obsolete." What the great old man was referring to here is the fact that the hydrogen bomb

has turned out to be an even more hideous and destructive weapon than was planned and expected. It has now been discovered that in certain special cases the heat and blast may be no more than the percussion cap of a much larger phenomenon.

This phenomenon is the radioactive "fall-out" that showered the Japanese fishing boat *Fortunate Dragon* and several of the inhabited Marshall Islands with noxious ashes. That this kind of noxious fall-out must probably be expected, obviously transforms the new H-bomb from a city-destroying weapon to a province-crippling weapon. Churchill used this new phenomenon to justify the abandonment of Britain's great Suez base. Churchill was saying, in effect, that the Suez base, which stretches for 100 miles along the Canal, was now too vulnerable to have real value.

All the evidence shows that this [fall-out] is a new thing. The newness is proved by Sir Winston's assertion that these "tremendous changes" occurred within the last twelve months, which means that these changes were not produced by our first H-bomb test in 1952. The inference is obvious, therefore, that the difference between the new and the other absolute weapons is that the new bomb produces a cloud of fairly heavy particles. And these, being fairly heavy, fall out immediately and locally while they are still dangerous to life. To all this, only one point needs to be added—the H-bomb tested by the Russians last summer was of the new type.

WILL LIBERALS TAKE OVER SOUTHERN DEMOCRACY?

ARTHUR KROCK, Kentucky-born dean of U.S. political reporters, finds that the facts of political life are changing a philosophy he has often admired, Southern Democratic conservatism.

DEMOCRATIC primaries in the South have seriously raised the questions whether the day of the party conservatives is now ending and whether the Southern Democracy is about to join the Northern on the left side of the American political scene. The overwhelming majority of Democrats occupied that area in the first stages of the New Deal. But as its radicalism increased, a movement which reached its peak under President Truman and the Fair Deal, many Southerners returned to the more moderate political philosophy of the Wilson Administration. The recent primaries in North Carolina, Alabama, Tennessee and Arkansas gave superficial evidence, at least, that the immunity of the Southern conservatives may soon be a thing of the past.

Senator Estes Kefauver calls himself a "liberal" as contrasted with a conservative. The challenger of his renomination, Representative Pat Sutton, did his best to paint Kefauver's domestic record in the most vivid radical colors, and attacked him as an "internationalist" who would submerge the U.S. in a world government. Though there was substance in some of the attack, Kefauver won a smashing endorsement from the Democrats of Tennessee. In view of these events, it is not surprising that Democrats are wondering whether the Southern conservatives, whom neither a Roosevelt nor Truman could dislodge from office, are not now nearing the close of one of their chapters in political history.

IKE'S PRESS CONFERENCE: CRISIS INTO OPPORTUNITY

JAMES B. RESTON, Washington Bureau Chief of the New York Times, who felt that the President originally approached his job "like a rookie pitcher with the bases loaded," now finds that "a General stands at ease."

EVEN those professional cynics and amateur psychoanalysts, the Washington reporters, came away from his news conference this morning remarking on the change. He was clearly at ease even with the most controversial questions. He didn't answer all the questions that were put to him, but he answered most of them and said frankly that he didn't know when he didn't know, and at one point even suggested to the reporters that if he was not responsive to their questions, they should interrupt and say so. The President has always tried to be responsive to questions at his news conferences, but there are some obvious differences now. He is clearly better informed. He is talking more freely about foreign affairs.

There are other differences too. The President is reasonably happy about his legislative program. He has lost some battles, but he feels he is winning his campaign for peace abroad and continued prosperity at home.

He entered the White House after a rough presidential campaign in which he made up his mind that the newsmen acted like a bunch of district attorneys who were more concerned to trap him than get information. This he no longer believes. He no longer feels that he has a hostile audience. In short, after a fairly stormy passage during the last year and a half, he has come out into what seems to him to be calmer water. The economic situation at home is improved, peace has been preserved, and the press conference, which used to be a crisis, is now seen at the White House as an opportunity.

COLD WAR

The Trouble with Coalitions

With what enthusiasm it could muster up, the U.S. last week announced that eight nations had agreed to get together in the Philippine summer capital of Baguio on Sept. 6. Subject: a Southeast Asia alliance.

The call for volunteers had met with little success: only Pakistan and Thailand, of all the non-Communist nations on the Asian continent, agreed to come, and Pakistan had made it clear that it would merely be looking, not necessarily buying. (The other six participants: the U.S., Britain, France, Australia, New Zealand and the Philippines.)

Enmities & Dislikes. In the beginning, SEATO was billed as a bold plan to do for Asia what NATO did for Europe. But the sense of shared urgency is not the same; and non-Communist Asia is divided

by ancient enmities and current dislikes. Before Asia's non-Communist powers can be rallied together, they must first be persuaded to sit down together. The neutralists are by definition unwilling to join a bloc. Nehru does not want to become a partner with Chiang Kai-shek or Syngman Rhee, and the feeling is mutual. Rhee is not keen to sup with the Japanese; neither are the Australians. The U.S. is not anxious to bind itself to defend precarious and far-off regimes on Asia's southern shores. France wants to include Indo-China in the area protected by the alliance; Britain says it is already too late. Out of such a conglomeration is apt to come a maximum of rhetoric and a minimum of commitment.

SEATO reflects America's dreamy post-war passion for grand coalitions, which actually have less to recommend them than the old-fashioned diplomacy—which consisted of particular arrangements for precise ends. It is State Department doctrine to talk of SEATO as an assemblage of like-minded nations, which will be broadened (it is always hoped) to include other nations later on. But a grand flotilla

of allies must travel at the speed of the slowest ship in the convoy. The old-fashioned solution would be to make hard-and-fast arrangements—separately or in small groupings—with Syngman Rhee, with Chiang Kai-shek, with Ramon Mag-saysay, with Mohammed Ali.

Needless Resentments. But what of the other non-Communist powers in Asia—the neutralists, the hesitant? It is another principle of old-fashioned diplomacy to win as many friends as you can to your side, and to deny as many as you can to the enemy. Asians like Burma's Premier U Nu want to be friendly with the West, but refuse to join a military pact. Rather than abandon them, or berate them, or wheedle them, the U.S. should seek a separate relationship that involves neither slight to them nor undue soliciting of their favor.

In this respect, the U.S. could learn from the artful Chou En-lai, who has a

munist China's next order of business is to invade Formosa. "It is imperative that the People's Republic of China liberate Taiwan," cried Chou. In the achievement of this "glorious historic mission," Red China will not tolerate interference from "United States aggressive circles. If they dare interfere . . . they must take upon themselves all the grave consequences."

In his speech, delivered on the eve of British Labor Party leader Clement Attlee's arrival in Peking (see below), Chou dismissed Attlee's suggestion that Formosa be placed under U.N. trusteeship. "Taiwan is inviolable Chinese territory," Chou declared. "Its liberation . . . is an exercise of China's sovereignty and China's own internal affair." The Red Premier accused the U.S. of occupying Red China's territory by sending arms and instructors to help Formosa defend itself. "This increases the danger of war."

Did this mean that Chou En-lai, cocky



KOREA'S RHEE, BURMA'S NU, PAKISTAN'S ALI, INDIA'S NEHRU & THE PHILIPPINES' MAGSAYSAY
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Man of War

Red China simply could not for long wear the mask of peace: the role was unnatural. Last week, after all his Geneva talk of a desire for a little peace and quiet, Chou En-lai proclaimed that Com-

after his victory in Indo-China, was now ready to attack across the Formosa Strait, even at the risk of taking on the U.S. Navy? His words clearly implied that; but U.S. intelligence has reported no unusual military buildup along the China coast during the past six months.

A likelier possibility is that the Reds will beat the war drums until war over Formosa seems imminent and inevitable. Nehru will be apprehensive. So will the British. Whitehall will get on the phone to Washington, urging the U.S. not to start World War III over a "faraway island" governed by one whom 71-year-old Clement Attlee calls "an old man [commanding] aging forces." By this time (if old patterns repeat themselves), the U.S. will be made to seem a warlike power, and Chou En-lai will step forward, ready to settle everything—if only he is given Formosa or a free seat in the U.N.

If the U.S. stands firm, resisting its allies' pressure, Chou will have lost nothing, and enjoyed provoking a new split between the U.S. and Britain. But what if the U.S. weakens under its allies' pressure? Formosa may be lost by default.

IRON CURTAIN

The Sightseers

The Iron Curtain was raised dramatically last week to admit eight of Britain's top Socialists, who stepped through happy in the conviction that their hosts would really show them something worth seeing, convinced that they themselves could not be fooled, and appalled that anyone might think that the Communists could make fine propaganda use of them.

In this complacent state, they put down first at Moscow en route to Peking. Heading the pack was former Prime Minister Clement Attlee, accompanied by Nye Bevan, Labor Party Secretary Morgan Phillips, Labor Chairman Wilfred Burke, onetime Minister of National Insurance Edith Summerskill and Trade Union Leaders Harry Earnshaw, Sam Watson and Harry Franklin. Moscow's richest and reddest carpets were rolled out. A *flacon* of Russia's finest perfume, "The Spirit of the Red Army," was waiting in her hotel room to greet Dr. Summerskill, the only woman in the party. Soviet Premier Georgy Malenkov even went so far as to drive over to the British embassy and drink a toast to Queen Elizabeth.

Hot Bricks. Conscientious Clement Attlee had been frank to admit beforehand that on such a tour "you are often shown only what your hosts want you to see." It was Attlee's hope nonetheless that a look at the cloistered rufes of Communism, who have never seen or been seen by top Westerners, might prove instructive in many ways, provided one could distinguish "eyewash" from cruder reality. Not all Britons were convinced of Clem's ability to make the distinction. A Liberal Party spokesman warned Attlee & Co. that they were treading "on very hot bricks." London's *Economist* scolded the former Prime Minister sharply for "serving the purposes of a [hostile] propaganda machine" (see box), and Attlee's own onetime Minister of State, Hector McNeil, denounced the junket as both "highly irresponsible and ill-timed."

Such washup suspicions were thrust aside in the sudden *Gemütlichkeit* of Moscow's reception. On the first night in town, the visitors were shipped out to a spacious *dacha* once occupied by Maxim Gorky, to be wine and dined by the Kremlin's biggest wigs. Clad in gleaming white, Premier Malenkov himself strode to the garden to pick a bouquet of purple phlox and red gladioli for Dr. Edith. Some time later he soothed her feminist ardor with the assurance that women in the field of education were "too often overmodest." So many happy vodka toasts were drunk that night that even teetotaling Harry Earnshaw lost count over endless glasses of lemonade.

Differing Freedoms. Next night Malenkov and his henchmen took dinner with the foreigners at the British embassy, the first time such a thing has happened since Stalin dined with Churchill in wartime 1944. The cordial chitchat between the great men of both nations continued far into the night. "There were no sharp ques-

WHAT TO SEE IN CHINA

London's influential and liberal Economist had a few words of parting advice for ex-Prime Minister Clement Attlee and his fellow Socialists as they set forth on their junket to Communist Peking. Excerpts:

I HAVE been exposed to lots of eyewash in my time, and I know it when I see it," remarked the Leader of the Opposition. In his time Mr. Attlee has undoubtedly shown that he can recognise eyewash. But in the past it has not been his custom to submit meekly to serving the purposes of a propaganda machine that is hostile to him, his party, and all that he stands for. The Labour delegates have presumably reconciled themselves in advance to the fact that during their tour they will be photographed, filmed, recorded by radio, and exhaustively written up by the worldwide "Communist 'disinformation' network; that their simplest expressions of thanks to their hosts will be represented as prostrations before the might and glory of Mao Tse-tung's regime; and that if they venture to comment unfavourably on anything they see, no breath of that criticism will reach the millions behind the iron curtain. They presumably think this is a price worth paying in order to see Peking's peepshow.

It is easy to guess what their hosts will be anxious to show them. . . . Mr. Attlee, Mr. Bevan and their companions will visit "model villages" and "mutual aid" farms. . . . they will relax beside peaceful lakes, and they will be shown films depicting the regime's progress and its peaceful intentions. . . .

Yet, if the Labour delegates confine themselves to viewing these exhibits their passage money will be wasted. . . .

As a start, they might well propose a call at the office of the Supreme People's Procurator, a functionary who controls an extensive apparatus concerned with the punishment of those who neglect their work or "sabotage" production or construction. They might try to attend one of the trials of workers conducted by the "comrade tribunals."

When they are shown over state factories, the trade union delegates might well ask their interpreters to construe the new code of labour discipline. It forbids workers to talk or otherwise waste time in working hours, to arrive late or "stroll around"; it requires them to try to overfulfill their norms; and the last eight of its 22 sections are devoted to punishments. Workers, says this code, should be made to apologise for their mistakes publicly; if their products are defective, up to one-third of their wages will be deducted. There is, of course, no right to strike in China now.

Factory work is, indeed, so attractive in People's China that it is said to read in the *People's Daily* of July 11th that many parents still think it better for their children to get secondary education than to pass directly from primary school to workbench. Castigating these outworn ideas, the official Communist newspaper warns parents that only a few children can go to secondary schools,

and that the party and government will show them that juvenile labour is "equally glorious" . . .

Mr. Attlee and Mr. Bevan are not likely to get a close look at Mao's now enormous army. But they might find time to glance at the *People's Daily* leading article of July 24th, which emphasised that modern armed forces could not be built up without heavy industries, and to reflect on the wisdom of meeting all Peking's demands for British heavy machinery. They will doubtless hear much of the claim, advanced a few weeks ago that £100 million worth of trade could be done between the two countries in the coming year if strategic controls were abolished. The impression left by Mr. Tso in London last month was that Britain would have to accept remarkable quantities of preserved eggs, bristles and feathers.

How does this "peaceful" government mean to use "the second largest army in the world," which it says it will aim to build? Commander-in-Chief Chu Teh, in his Army Day speech last week, promised that Formosa will soon be liberated. The Labour leaders can read for themselves that under the new Peking constitution the millions of Chinese in Siam, Burma, Indonesia and Malaya, "neglected" by earlier governments, will now be "protected" by Mao Tse-tung's regime. This hardly squares with Chou En-lai's simultaneous protestations to the Burmese and Indian prime ministers about peaceful co-existence and non-interference.

There are many other matters to which the Labour leaders might direct their curiosity. They might—if they can—seek out Kao Kang, who they can much-lauded ruler of Manchuria until this year he committed the unpardonable sin of "standing up against the party." Mr. Bevan should find this an enlightening interview. They might contrast the official announcement at the end of June that, "for the first time in many centuries," the peasants along the Huai river could now live without fear of floods, with the devastation that has since struck the area. They might raise the question of the brutal treatment and forcible indoctrination of British prisoners taken in Korea. But perhaps their most interesting quest would be to seek out their own opposite numbers in China—the leaders of the "democratic parties," which are still allowed a tenuous existence owing to their propaganda value—and, without asking such foolish questions as how these parties viewed their chances of coming to power during this year's "elections," to inquire precisely how their party platforms differ from that of their Communist rulers. This should be an instructive glimpse of the "new democracy" at work.



BRITISH SOCIALISTS IN MOSCOW (ATTLEE SECOND FROM RIGHT)
Red carpets, purple phlox and endless glasses of lemonade.

tions asked and no sharp remarks made," said one of the Britons after a five-hour-long heart-to-heart talk with the Russians. At one point in the evening, Attlee, Deputy Foreign Minister Vishinsky and Trade Minister Mikoyan explored the meaning of the word freedom. At last, through a bewildered interpreter, the three agreed that in the West it meant "freedom to choose"; in the Communist East it meant freedom "from having to choose."

Next day Dr. Summerskill poked through Moscow's maternity hospital and the new GUM department store, which she found "absolutely terrific." At Moscow's towering new university building, Nye Bevan asked the Russian provost if Communism was a compulsory course. It was. "Suppose," persisted Nye, "that I did not want to take Communism?" The provost smiled broadly. "You would take it anyway," he said.

At the end of two days of tours, tea parties, toasts and sights (which included the inside of the Kremlin and the tomb of Lenin and Stalin), the touring Laborites were ready to take off for their final destination: Red China. Of Moscow's Malenkov, Clement Attlee remarked with Orwellian criticism: "He is the most equal of the equals." Nye Bevan was warmer in praise. The Soviet Premier, he said, was "a man with a warm sense of humor."

Some 40 hours later, after a brief stop in Outer Mongolia, the touring Britons arrived in Peking, to be welcomed by Premier Chou En-lai at a cocktail party for 400. At a lunch given by Chou next day, they happily munched on roots of the lotus flower. Perhaps they found time later to recall the Moscow memory of what New York Times Correspondent Harrison E. Salisbury cryptically described as "a mildly admonitory toast offered [late] in the proceedings by possibly the most senior Russian present."

This most senior Russian wished for better British-Chinese relations, but hoped no one had the idea of improving British-Chinese relations at the expense of Soviet-Chinese relations.

FRANCE

"Please Study My Plan"

France's audacious Premier Pierre Mendès-France has won all his victories to date by confronting his opposition with clear-cut alternatives. Last week he applied this shrewd technique to EDC.

During more than two years of *immobilisme* and futile factional wrangles, no French Premier has dared to submit EDC to the National Assembly for approval, even though the French thought up the scheme. Nor has any Premier dared to tell the U.S. (which wants a German contribution to Western defense) the truth about EDC's chances in Parliament—the truth apparently being that there is not a findable majority in both houses for the treaty in its present form. Last week Premier Pierre Mendès-France, man of *déan*, defied both bugaboos. He loaded the project with "interpretive protocols" (actually drastic amendments) and scheduled it for debate and vote, Aug. 28-31. He has told Secretary Dulles that unless EDC is modified, it would be voted down in the Assembly by about 50 votes.

Mendès himself has never expressed any strong opinion either for or against EDC. Recently he joked to a friend: "When I listen to its adversaries, I am rather for it. When I listen to its friends, I am rather against it." To his own divided Cabinet (15 against, 13 for) he said: "To partisans of EDC, I say that if you insist on the treaty as it stands, it will be defeated. To enemies of EDC, I say that if you insist on defeating the treaty you endanger France's alliances. Please study my plan in that light."

Change of Plan. Opposition to EDC in the French Assembly falls roughly into two groups: 1) opponents of West German rearmament in any form (this includes the Communists); 2) Frenchmen who accept the need for German arms but dislike the treaty's constraints on French sovereignty (in order to put similar supranational restraints on Germany). Mendès hoped to win enough Assembly votes from this second group by adding these key revisions or "protocols" to EDC.

¶ Only those armed forces in "covering zones" (forward zones of defense) would be under supranational control. This would leave only six of the 14 French divisions assigned to NATO under EDC control, but most if not all of the twelve proposed German divisions would be under EDC.

¶ Each nation would have a veto on EDC's council of Defense Ministers.

¶ Administrative powers of the supranational commissariat would be reduced.

¶ EDC would lapse if NATO went out of existence, or if British and U.S. troops departed from Continental Europe.

¶ EDC headquarters would be in Paris.

After a bitter fight Mendès won Cabinet approval of his plan, but the fight cost him the resignations of three of his six Gaullist ministers.

Mendès was tired. He had dark pouches under his eyes, and he wore the same white-striped blue tie for several days on end. This week, however, the tired man goes to Brussels, where he will try to persuade the five other EDC signatories* to accept his modifications. Brussels may well be the highest hurdle. For the other signatories are well aware that Mendès' protocols all but transform EDC from a supranational community (an idea with great appeal to Pan-Europeans) into an old-fashioned military coalition, with discriminations against West Germany.

Seductive but Fragile. In sum, Mendès' plan was a complicated and subtle maneuver, offering to all parties concerned (including the U.S.) half a loaf as preferable to no bread. He was in fact keeping his promise to the U.S. to bring the matter to a vote before the summer is over; but there was an important qualification to his deadline. He was promising only an Assembly decision next week; the Senate would not get to the debate until the summer recess ends in October or November—and during this additional period, Mendès reassured the left wing of his majority. Russia would have time to come forward with genuine concessions in Western Europe if it wanted badly enough to halt German rearmament. So Russia too was being offered an alternative. All in all, Mendès' plan was devious, perhaps too devious. *Le Figaro*, bellwether of French conservative opinion, called it "full of intellectual seduction" but "fragile."

Last week, by a whopping 510 to 107 (with only the Communists opposing), the Assembly agreed to vote on EDC, Mendès-style, at the end of August.

* The five: West Germany, Italy, Belgium, The Netherlands, Luxembourg. All have ratified except Italy and France, and Italy will certainly ratify if France does.

MOROCCO: Running the Gauntlet

IT was the morning of Islam's greatest feast day, Aid el Kebir. On that day, by sacrificing a ram, the faithful learn whether the year to come is to be peaceful and prosperous—or disastrous.

With pipes and drums, 5,000 Berber tribesmen, camped below the palace in the Moroccan city of Rabat, greeted the appearance of a wizened old man in a white gown whom the French a year ago made Sultan of Morocco. Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Moulay Arafat was nervous. The last two times he had shown his face in public, he had narrowly escaped assassination by fanatic nationalist supporters of his exiled predecessor, Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef.

Ordinarily, the Sultan rides outside the palace walls to cut the ram's throat.⁸ The new Sultan prudently preferred the safety of a mosque inside the palace grounds. Carefully, he thrust his knife into the animal's throat, then stood back while the carcass was placed on a jeep and rushed off to the palace. The tradition is that if the sacrificial sheep arrives at the palace alive, the land will be blessed. A few minutes later came word from the palace: "The animal arrived still breathing."

The omen was favorable. But who could depend on it? Behind locked doors, many Moroccan nationalists celebrated the day in the name of exiled Ben Youssef. A more significant omen for Morocco's future took place in the city of Port Lyautey. There, 3,000 to 10,000 resentful Arabs, led by three-minded nationalists, had gone on a rampage in the *medina* (native quarters) the week before. They killed seven Europeans, including a woman and her daughter, whose stomachs they slit open with knives. The women's bodies were dragged through the streets of the *medina*. The French last week retaliated with a brutal show of force known as *ratissage*, literally a "raking-in." TIME Correspondent Frank White, an eyewitness, cabled this description:

THE French cut off the *medina* with three cordons of troops, through which no Arab could escape. Inside the *medina* were detachments of Foreign Legionnaires, colonial infantry with tanks, barefoot Berber *goumiers*, whose hatred of the Arabs is legendary, and French police from whose wrists swung weighted truncheons. Policemen, working with maps, split the *medina* into half a dozen sectors. Then the legionnaires, working systematically, began breaking down the doors of every house. Once a door was smashed, in went the *goumiers* and drove out every male, except small boys. Women cried out in terror, and were beaten back with clubs or gun butts.

On top of a low hill in Port Lyautey's *medina* is a dusty sheep market. Legion-

naires drove the Arab men there and herded them under the muzzle of a Patton tank. A dozen policemen formed a gauntlet, six on either side. One by one, the Arabs were thrust forward, each with his hands on his head.

"Entrez donc, Monsieur," said a reserve police colonel. "The session is about to begin." He smiled broadly, then hit a middle-aged Arab with his right fist, below the belt. As the Arab went down, the colonel knelt him in the groin. The Arab tried to get up; another cop caught him across the jaw with a club. Down went the Arab and the next cop kicked him, twice. He got up again and ran into the arms of still another policeman, who poked him into a sitting position with the muzzle of a carbine.

Crying "Allah," Altogether, more than 20,000 Arabs were routed out of their homes to run the gauntlet that day. Slugging, clubbing and beating that many men is an exhausting job, so the police spelled one another. They invited civilians to lend a hand, and one brute of a youngster accepted and enjoyed himself.

The gauntlet was only a beginning. After they had run it, some seriously beaten, some only scratched and kicked, each man was placed in a long line. The line shuffled past a 6-ft. pasha, who wore brown checked pants and a blue sports coat. A gesture, a slight shove from the pasha, and an Arab was pushed into one of two groups, those who were suspected of having participated in the past week's rioting and those who were charged with nothing. Before the day was done, 6,000 men, including most of those between 17 and 25, had been herded into the suspect group.

They were loaded into cement trucks and hauled off to jail. As they went, their womenfolk came pushing out of the houses, screaming and crying "Allah." The police fired into the air to force the women back and to keep the prisoners' heads down in the trucks. The cops were not too careful about keeping their fire high.

Crying Necessity. The man whose job it was to preside over the *ratissage* was 55-year-old Jean Husson. Port Lyautey's civilian *contrôleur*, and a civil affairs officer in Morocco for 33 years, Husson did not enjoy it; he often intervened to pull the police off Arabs who had been seriously hurt. But Husson was convinced that a show of force was necessary. "We know these people," he explained to me. "To do anything less than we are doing would be to invite further disturbances. I hope you won't be too severe with us."

The *ratissage* ended at 6 p.m. Then a tall, somber pasha made a speech to the *medina* people: "You must resume your peaceful way of life. If you don't, the same thing that happened today will happen again. Only next time it will be worse . . . with jet airplanes shooting down on you from the sky." At about that moment, a flight of French jets flew low over the crowd.

That evening, as the troops and tanks rumbled back to their barracks along the boulevards of the European section, French men and women poured out from their sidewalk cafés, lined the streets, and cheered the military. The office of the French Resident General in Rabat announced tersely that a *ratissage* had been held in Port Lyautey, and that in the course of the roundup, 20 Arabs died.



START OF "RATISSAGE" IN PORT LYAUTEY
Broken doors, weighted truncheons and a sacrificial ram.

Thomas D. McAvoy—LIFE

⁸ In memory of Abraham, who sacrificed a sheep in place of his son Isaac, ancestor of all Arabs.

GREAT BRITAIN

Always the Bridesmaid

London's impertinent music halls lampoon Joe McCarthy. Noel Coward or anybody else (except royalty) who crosses the news. But last week a songwriter got too saucy with Anthony Eden and ran afoul of the Lord Chamberlain, who has power to grant or refuse theatrical licenses without explanation. Three days before the opening of an obscure new revue called *Light Fantastic*, the Lord Chamberlain ordered the offending song lyrics dropped. The net result: London's tabloid *Daily Mirror*, which needs no by-your-leave from the Lord Chamberlain or anyone else, printed the ditty:

*My profile once caused a feminist fitter
And then, even better than that,
I was named by the "Tailor and Cutter"
And they borrowed my name for a hat.*

*But I'm a sort of permanent fixture
No power and not much glory,
America's favourite whipping boy,
Just an ordinary Front Page Tory.*

*The Old Man's a genius—none would dispute—
Though at times he's a bit of a tartar. . .*

*As an orator, author, he's second to none,
Painter—and builder—brilliant as any,
But I feel I could lay bricks almost as well.*

*And perhaps without dropping so many.
But here I am stuck in the same old rut
Going my usual way
A traveling life*

*And you can't take the wife
And not even a rise in pay.*

*Thirty odd years of frustrated desire
Waiting for senior men to retire.
Assistant, adviser, consultant and guide,
Always the bridesmaid—*

Never the Bride!

"Guns for the Huns"

One of the unusual features of British public life today is the amount of anti-German feeling now being stirred up. Part of it is political: Nye Bevan and his left-wing Socialists are setting up a hue and cry about "Guns for the Huns"—not bothering, of course, to point out that the Communists have already armed East Germany. In Lord Beaverbrook, the maverick Tory press lord, the Socialists have an unexpected ally. His big *Daily Express* (circ. 4,000,000) is so het up that it caricatures Chancellor Adenauer as a Mephistopheles surrounded by *Junker* (see cut), and not content with whatever debatable influence his editorials have, Beaverbrook has been buying up billboard space and ads in rival British papers to further his campaign.

The flurry has the Tories worried. Though Clement Attlee and the Labor leadership still endorse West German rearmament, Churchill's government fears what GUNS FOR THE HUNS might do as an opposition election slogan. Last week the Tory government made its own bumbling contribution to the controversy.

Lord Russell of Liverpool, Britain's Assistant Judge Advocate General, is a World War I hero (he won the Military Cross three times) who served as senior legal adviser at the British army's war crimes trials. Ever since, Russell has been convinced that the West is too quickly forgetting Belsen and Buchenwald. In 1951 Russell was sacked from his post as Deputy Judge Advocate General to the British Army of the Rhine after he and Lady Russell tried to drive their car through a procession of German villagers, and got manhandled in the attempt. Shortly afterwards Lord Russell started work on *The Scourge of the Swastika*, a legalistic account of the gas ovens and crematoria of the concentration camps. As a matter of courtesy, Russell sent the completed man-

uscript to his boss, 72-year-old Lord Simonds, the Lord High Chancellor. Instead of winning the expected perfunctory approval, his book became the subject of anxious discussion in the British Cabinet.

Backed by the nervous Foreign Office, Lord Simonds told Lord Russell that his book was opinionated, and its photographs unsettling. If he persisted in publishing it, he would be fired from his £2,200-a-year (\$6,160) government job. Angrily, Lord Russell decided to go ahead, "whatever the cost to my career," and the air was rent with cries of government censorship. Promptly Beaverbrook's *Daily Express* proclaimed last week that it would publish daily extracts from "The Book They Tried to Ban."

WEST GERMANY

Bigger Share for the Workers

West Germany, where it is practically a tradition that "Germans don't strike," last week faced a nationwide labor revolt. In Hamburg (pop. 1,600,000), a strike of 13,000 transport and utilities workers left West Germany's largest city without gas, water, buses and streetcars for nine days. In Bavaria, 130,000 metal workers downed tools. Nine hundred thousand Ruhr metal workers demanded a 10-pfenning (2.5¢) hourly increase.

The strikes, which started spontaneously, spread quickly because the great mass of German workers were no longer willing to be left out of the amazing post-war prosperity which their hard work helped make possible.

West Germany's gross national product has risen phenomenally, from \$21 billion in 1950 to an estimated \$34 billion today. Profits are high, and many a businessman has made a postwar fortune. But while German output rose 50% in four years, wages have risen only 21%. German trade unions had been persuaded to accept thin pay packets as their contribution to the



Adenauer dictating a letter to the West: "We are prepared to accept your German rearmament program on condition we sell you the arms that you rearm us with . . ."

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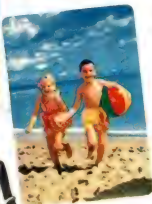
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Fatherland's recovery, having been told that wages had to be kept low in order to regain the export markets. In addition, unemployment, fed by ten million refugees from Communism, made a man think twice before risking his job. The result was bad for all Germans: many German workers cannot afford to buy the goods they produce for export. Only 2% of the 20,000 workers assembling Volkswagen drive to work in cars—unlike Ford and General Motors employees in Detroit, most of whom have cars of their own. The German worker's average monthly wage of 325 marks (\$77.50) is far from enough when eggs cost 70¢ a dozen, good beef 90¢ a lb.

U.S. foreign-aid experts think that German employers, who are now having export difficulty, can nonetheless well afford to raise wages. And by increasing the workers' buying power, they might increase their sales at home.

The Case of Otto John

Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, riding so high as the year began, was now deep in trouble. Labor unrest was increasing (see above). France was threatening to upset his cherished EDC and, worst of all, the strange case of Otto John was haunting and hurting the old Chancellor.

Last week, after 22 days under Communist wraps, Otto John faced a press conference in East Berlin that was open to Western correspondents. No more nervous than usual, Adenauer's former security chief read a six-page statement into a battery of microphones, then freely answered questions from 300 correspondents for an hour. Gist of his statement: he had defected to the Communists because "the Nazis and the militarists in West Germany are again in power" and "the Bonn-Paris axis is only a tool of the Americans." Americans, he said he had learned on his recent visit to Washington, are "downright hysterically mad in fear of Communism."

Later, accompanied by four Communist officials but seemingly not intimidated by them, he drank beer and talked for 45 minutes with three old acquaintances: New York *Herald Tribune* Correspondent Gaston Colbentz and two British newspapermen. He was neither a Communist nor a traitor, he insisted, and he certainly had not been lured across the line. "My decision [to stay in East Germany] was only finally made after my talks with the Communist authorities," he said. "I would have been free to return if I had wanted to."

After this performance, the West German government did an about-face. Gerhard Schröder, Adenauer's Minister of Interior, an ex-Nazi who is John's old boss, had stoutly defended him and offered \$100,000 reward for information about John's "abduction." Now he flatly called him a traitor. Schröder also did his best to free the Adenauer government of any blame: the British, he said, had forced John's appointment as West Germany's security chief after rejecting



DEFECTOR JOHN
Haunting and hurting.

Bonn's own candidates, and the West German government had suspected him for a long time.⁶

From Adenauer's opposition, the Social Democrats, came demands for Schröder's dismissal and a special session of Parliament to discuss the John case. At week's end Chancellor Adenauer, facing what may be a fight for his political life, reluctantly agreed to Socialist demands and ordered Parliament to meet early in September.

GOA

Invasion That Fizzled

Sticky monsoon rains pelted the little band of marchers as they sloshed up the mud-laden roads toward the border of Goa. The long-heralded invasion was on. In the lush, Rhode Island-sized Portuguese colony on the west coast of India, 4,000 African troops and 1,000 Goan police waited, guns loaded and aimed. In far-off Lisbon, frantic crowds prayed in churches and demonstrated in the streets against the coming onslaught on Portugal's ancient colony.

As the group of invaders from India—19 Goans carrying nothing but umbrellas and little cloth bags, and led by a 26-year-old man trained for the priest-

hood—made their determined way along the road, Indian policemen saluted the Indian tricolor flag which they carried. For the day was India's Independence Day. Finally the marchers reached a sagging chain across their path. Behind the chain stood seven Goan policemen and a small dog. Undaunted, the little band stepped over the chain and tramped into Goa.

The Goan cops locked up their guard-house, slung their rifles on their shoulders and trudged along after the liberators. The dog followed. Soaked to the skin, the strange procession walked on through the deserted countryside (the Portuguese had evacuated people from villages near the border, to prevent demonstrations). The weary cops were lagging behind when suddenly the marchers dived off the road into the thick jungle. Baffled, the cops argued among themselves, and decided not to give chase.

A few miles north, two other groups of peaceful invaders, one with 20 marchers, another with ten, all Goans, walked calmly into the little colony. Back at his headquarters in the Indian town of Karwar, 46-year-old Peter Alvares, president of the National Congress of Goa and mastermind of the unarmed invasion to "liberate" the colony, insisted that all this was according to plan: he had instructed his liberators to scatter among the people of Goa and preach freedom until captured.

Several hundred miles away, at the border of Portugal's colony of Daman, 1,000 Indian nationalists gathered. But Indian Frontier Security Police barred their way: Prime Minister Nehru had decreed that only Goans could participate in the movement for freedom. Perhaps Nehru had heard that Communists had infiltrated this crowd of Indian nationalists, hoping to set themselves up as rulers of Daman.

By the end of the day, Portugal's flag still flew over Goa. Earlier in the week Nehru had announced: "The Indian Army could take Goa in a trice if it wanted to, but we do not want to." Apparently, having heard from the rest of the world, Nehru decided that now was the wrong moment for swallowing up Goa.

JAPAN

Approaching Desperation

During the Korean war, U.S. money (in the form of war orders, servicemen's pay, etc.) poured into Japan at the rate of \$800 million to \$900 million a year. On a nation struggling up from the ashes of defeat and destruction in World War II, the effect was something like that of a lottery windfall on a poor and unstable clerk. It was fine, it was riotous, while it lasted; it was terrible when it stopped. The Japanese spent too much for luxuries, not enough on modernizing their industry and otherwise bracing their economy against the inevitable end of the Korean boom.

Now Japan, a sovereign nation, is poor, almost broke, worried, and professedly

⁶ Editorialized the normally Anglophile New York Times: "Dr. John, who served British intelligence during the war . . . this takes his place at the side of Fuchs, May, Pontecorvo, MacLean, Burgess and other traitors who evaded the British security system. It is perhaps time to suggest a little more cooperation between the British and American intelligence services in matters that could mean life or death for all of us."

ready to reform. Her usable foreign exchange stands at \$640 million, down from \$800 million last December. Economists say that the "peril point" is \$500 million. Below that figure, the effect will be like that of failure rumors on an uninsured bank.

Fruits of Folly. Inflation and other consequences of imprudence have caused Japan to spend too much for imports, much more than her high-priced exports can balance. (A Japanese refrigerator sells for around \$500.) But not all of her troubles are the fruits of postwar folly. Before she lost her empire in the war, she got rice from Korea, wheat from Manchuria. Now she must import \$400 million in food annually to feed her people. Her own rice crop last year was the poorest in 60 years. She has no coking coal of her own; her prewar source of supply, the Chinese mainland, is now shut off. So she imports this coal from the U.S. and elsewhere, at \$11 to \$17 a ton. She has similar trouble with salt, a staple of her chemical industry, on which the shipping costs alone are \$12 a ton. Some of her prewar export markets are closed to her by the Bamboo Curtain, others by old hatreds, others by stiff free-world competition. Japanese silk, which used to be her biggest dollar earner, has been knocked out by modern synthetic fibers.

After getting repeated bulletins on Japan's worsening plight, the Eisenhower Administration decided to step in. Last week four departments—State, Defense, Treasury and Commerce—and two agencies—the Foreign Operations Administration and the President's Council of Economic Advisers—were set to looking for solutions. Present diagnosis: Japan is in no danger of imminent economic collapse, but collapse will surely come if the present trend goes on.

Premier Shigeru Yoshida's government, of course, would like to have a large loan to tide it over, but Washington feels that pouring in money will induce another period of Japanese inertia. Washington favors more belt-tightening, more austerity, and possibly devaluation. Japanese businessmen are screaming that the amount of austerity already decreed and enforced by Yoshida is producing deflation and unemployment.

The Red Bubble. Some alarmists in Washington fear that Japan may seek escape in a roaring trade with the Communist bloc. Before the war, Japan sent 43% of its exports to China; last year it sent 4%. So far the bright bubble of trade with Communists has always exploded in the face of him who blows it: the Japanese have already been swindled in several coal and ship deals with Russia and China. Moreover, the Japanese are doing a really thriving trade with Formosa—\$123 million last year—which they might lose if they flirited too earnestly with the Reds. And finally, despite openly voiced misgivings about Western defeats in Asia, the Japanese know that the colossus across the Yellow Sea is their enemy, and that they need the colossus across the Pacific.

INDO-CHINA

Unfamiliar Face

Ho Chi Minh, the goat-bearded leader of the Viet Minh, has not been seen alive by any non-Communist for more than three years and there have been many rumors (some for a time accepted by U.S. intelligence) that he was seriously ill or



HO CHI MINH

The women were whispering.

dead. Last week he proved to be alive and kicking. From a mysterious retreat somewhere in Communist territory, he came to Thainguyen, 40 miles from Hanoi, and lunched with Canadian, Indian and Polish members of the armistice commission. The Indian representative, Subimal Dutt, reported himself very favorably impressed.

South of The 17th Parallel

From Saigon, TIME Correspondent Dwight Martin cabled:

A sudden rot of defeat, surrender and demoralization is eating its way through the fragile fabric of earnest little Prime Minister Ngo Dinh Diem's hard-riding but still disorganized South Viet Nam government. Diem's power probably does not extend as far as 30 kilometers from Saigon itself, say some knowledgeable foreign observers, and in many instances not that far. At Mytho, at Bac Lieu, at Vinhlong and numberless other towns and villages in the south, Viet Minh control is complete and recognized—the presence of nominal officials of the Vietnamese government notwithstanding.

"The Viet Minh are agitating with a terrible intensity," said a Frenchman. Said an American: "They are burrowing in, caching their arms. Will they send their troops out in accordance with the Geneva agreement? Like hell they will. What they will do is send out a couple of phony battalions of peasants, accompanied by a

few of their better-known cadres. They probably want the cadres to take refresher courses in the north anyway." He shrugged in disgust and despair.

Choose Your Picture. In much of the Cochinchina countryside in South Viet Nam a curious duality of administration exists. In Mytho there is a regular government court. But most of the townspeople take their grievances to a Communist court three kilometers outside the town.

In some areas, the Reds show the people booklets containing pictures of Ho Chi Minh and Bao Dai, ordering them to sign under the picture of their choice. There are few signatures for Bao Dai. More effective still are the propaganda speeches and the carefully phrased whispers of the women who press the Communist advantage relentlessly. "We are winning," they whisper. "We are winning. Do you want to be with us, or with the French and the foreigners? The white men have surrendered half of your country; they will surrender the other half too. Do not trust them. Come with us!"

At Cuchi, 25 kilometers northwest of Saigon, some 40 demonstrators—many of them women and children—were killed last week by a hail of rifle fire from a Vietnamese army post, and the Communists got some useful martyrs. But though the triggers were pulled by Vietnamese, the real murderers were Communist agents provocateurs. Goaded and egged on by the Viet Minh, the demonstrators had besieged the post, alternately insulting, threatening and cajoling the Vietnamese soldiers to desert.

Face the Taunts. "Ah, yah," cried the women scornfully. "Why do you want to be with the losers?" Swarms of children pranced around the post, hooting and whooping derisively at the garrison. Some threw stones. A pretty young girl leaped forward from the crowd and slapped her belly. "Sons?" she taunted. "Our bodies will bear no sons for traitors." Some women bared their breasts at the troops to shame and disconcert them.

Then from somewhere behind the demonstrators, shots rang out. The beleaguered garrison fell into the Communist trap and fired in earnest. "Murderers, murderers!" the survivors screamed as they picked up their dead. Some among the soldiers who had fired, confused and shamed by what they had done, deserted.

Behind the Communist lines in South Viet Nam, the efficient Communists systematically carried out purges of suspected deviationists in their own ranks. The French believe that many of these men had actively cooperated with the Communists in the past but were not now regarded as sufficiently trustworthy. Total number of recorded Communist murders in South Viet Nam last week: 87. No one knows how many more are unreported.

* Who last week announced from France that he would return "soon" to Viet Nam. This presumably indicated that the French expect Prime Minister Diem to fall in a few months, and are preparing to prop up Bao Dai again.

TIBET

Death in Lamaland

While China suffered its worst floods in a century (TIME, Aug. 16), its satellite, Tibet, was suffering too. At the monastic trade center of Shigatse (pop. 20,000), second-biggest city in Tibet, midsummer torrents had turned the Nyang Chu River into a foaming cataract. Lake Takri Tsoma overflowed and a wall of water swept into Shigatse (altitude: 12,800 ft.), flooding shrines and drowning sacred statues. The flood undermined the ancient Palace of the Western Paradise, official residence of the 16-year-old Panchen Lama, whom 3,000,000 Tibetans accept as a spiritual reincarnation of the Buddha of Boundless Light. Reports reaching West Bengal last week reported that the palace collapsed, crushing scores of Buddhist monks in a welter of prayer wheels, holy vessels and ornamented battlements. One Red Chinese barracks, teeming with the Panchen Lama's Communist "bodyguards," reportedly fell apart. Estimated death toll: between 500 and 1,000.

RUSSIA

When God Is Forgotten

The Kremlin was getting increasingly concerned by the stubborn survival of that old "capitalistic superstition," Christianity, inside the Soviet Union. The trade-union paper *Trud* sent out appeals to all "local intelligentsia" to get out and sell the true faith, atheism. Doctors should propagandize their patients, veterinarians should lecture farm workers, added Radio Moscow.

The Communist youth paper, *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, was particularly upset by religious "infection" of the young, and last week provided parents with what it considered helpful slogans to pass along to the kids: "Religion is poison—keep children away." "Bread is given us not by Christ, but by machines and collective farms." "When God is forgotten, life is better." "Without God and priests there are more sheaves in the fields."

INDONESIA

End of the Union

Of the empires that crumbled at the shock of nationalism after World War II, few fell apart so abruptly as The Netherlands'. Just three days after Japan's surrender, Indonesia declared its independence and proclaimed the end of The Hague's richest and biggest colony. The Netherlands East Indies. By late 1949, prodded by the U.S., the Dutch had recognized Indonesian sovereignty over practically all of their Pacific territories.

In exchange for sovereignty, Indonesian leaders agreed to place their country in a Netherlands-Indonesian Union, an arrangement which had the appearance of a common bond but was not one in fact. Last week even this tenuous tie was broken. In The Hague, Dutch and Indonesian delegates signed a protocol to

end the political union. The Dutch took satisfaction in the fact that the economic links were left intact: they still have a billion-dollar investment in Indonesia.

Still unsettled was the major source of irritation between the two nations: possession of western New Guinea, which is still under Dutch rule. The infant Indonesian government, which has trouble enough trying to maintain order over its 78 million people, demands western New Guinea too. But The Netherlands refuses to give it up as the last relic of its imperial prestige in the area.

THE BALKANS

Closing a NATO Gap

In Yugoslavia's picture-postcard resort of Bled, in a villa once built for the royal family of Yugoslavia, Communist Tito last week signed a 20-year "treaty of alliance, political cooperation and mutual assistance" with Greece and Turkey. Just six years ago, Tito's Yugoslavia was arming Red guerrillas fighting in Greece; a generation ago, Greeks and Turks were deep in a bloody war with one another. The new alliance joined together three nations with more than a million soldiers under arms: Turkey, 450,000; Yugoslavia, up to 600,000; Greece, 125,000.

Actually, the pact is not as toothy as once intended. Originally, Greece and Turkey would have had to go automatically to Yugoslavia's aid; once involved, they could have demanded assistance from their NATO partners (including the U.S.). But Tito, who is not in NATO, would not have been committed to help Greece and Turkey if they became involved in NATO action away from home. So NATO itself objected. As one official put it, "Marshal Tito is trying to buy a dollar's worth of NATO protection for 50 cents." After much rewording, the pact now calls for all

three members to meet and discuss effective means of rendering assistance in the event of an attack on one. In practice, Greece and Turkey will consult NATO before helping Yugoslavia; Tito will consult with them if they get involved in NATO commitments away from home.

Behind the hazy details, however, is the common conviction that in case of real trouble, all are in it together. Thus the new Balkan pact, in effect, closes the last gap in NATO's ring around Europe, which begins in Iceland and extends to Mount Ararat. So happy did Tito feel about the whole thing that at the party after the signing, he passed word around that he meant to celebrate until the small hours; anyone who was sleepy should forget about protocol and leave ahead of him.

THE PHILIPPINES

American Day

Aug. 13, under American rule, used to be known as Occupation Day in the Philippines. It celebrated the day U.S. armed forces wrested control of the islands from the Spaniards. When Filipinos got their independence in 1946, they abruptly ceased observing Aug. 13.

Last week President Ramon Magsaysay reinstated Occupation Day under a new and happier name: Philippine-American Day. Among those conspicuously observing it together: Admiral Raymond Spruance, the U.S. Ambassador, and the aging rebel chieftain Aguinaldo, who gave U.S. forces such trouble half a century ago.

In an age so marked by chafing nationalism, Ramon Magsaysay unashamedly spoke of "the deep appreciation and gratitude for all that America has done during the last half-century to help us attain the high state of progress and security we enjoy," and "the pleasant and fruitful relationship" that exists today.



THE TITOS WITH GREEK & TURK SH FOREIGN MINISTERS
Not as toothy as once.

THE HEMISPHERE

CANADA

Fireworks on the Riverbanks

Standing on a beflagged platform in a newly mown oat field near Massena, N.Y., one afternoon last week, New York's Governor Thomas E. Dewey pressed a buzzer. Some two miles away in the St. Lawrence River, buried dynamite charges exploded, hurling geysers of water into the air. Fireworks burst overhead, releasing a rain of miniature U.S. flags and Canadian ensigns. At long last construction was started on the huge electric-power project undertaken jointly by the State of New York and the Canadian Province of Ontario, Said Dewey: "The crapehangers

tial palace. First the driver of the getaway cab identified a longtime Vargas bodyguard as one of the gunmen, but the man fled the palace before police could pick him up. Then angry air force officers, who staged their own investigation, seized another gunman and leaked a report that he claimed to have done the deed on order of Luthero Vargas, son of the President and a candidate for re-election to the Chamber of Deputies.

Whether accurate or not, for a few tense days last week the sensational disclosures threatened to topple autocratic old (71) Getulio Vargas from power. Opposition Deputies demanded that Vargas resign. One morning a mob of 2,000

any change. The army, said he, "should guarantee constitutional liberties and Brazil's legally constituted government"—i.e., Vargas should be allowed to serve the remaining 17 months of his term.

The President himself added the punctuation mark: "I am a President elected, and I will serve until the last day of my term." Although the palace still had many embarrassing questions to answer, sage old Getulio Vargas seemed to have weathered another storm.

GUATEMALA

Command Decisions

Crackdown followed showdown in Guatemala last week. Having weathered a stormy counterrevolt of army officers who hankered after another change (TIME, Aug. 16), Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas finally struck at Guatemalan Communism with the sort of command decisions his followers have been demanding since the June revolution.

In a series of legislative decrees replacing the 1945 constitution, the junta President 1) outlawed the Communist Party, making Guatemala the 15th Latin American republic to do so, and 2) dissolved the elaborate structure of political parties and social and economic front organizations through which the Reds had dominated the country. Castillo Armas then committed Guatemala to the U.S.-sponsored anti-Communist resolution which 17 of the American states approved but which the Arbenz regime fought bitterly at the Inter-American conference in Caracas last March.

The crackdown came none too soon. The country's leading Reds, every one of whom eluded Castillo Armas' somewhat butterfingering clutches last June, were hard at work trying to regroup their shattered forces underground. Some who first fled to asylum in embassies later slipped out to join other comrades in stirring up the peasants and the numerous unemployed. Immediately after the recent army rising, Communist leaflets quickly appeared on the streets proclaiming that "the people" had turned against the regime as "a fascist dictatorship imposed by the U.S."

To deal with such determined adversaries, the new President last week made a decision that shocked his liberal supporters. To boss the secret police, Castillo Armas picked Guatemala's toughest cop, José Bernabé Linares, 51. As most Guatemalans know, when Linares last ran the secret police under the late Dictator Jorge Ulicio his men submerged political enemies in electric-shock baths and perfected a head-shrinking steel skull cap to pry loose secrets and crush improper political thoughts. Whatever else Linares' appointment meant, it suggested that Castillo Armas' latest command decision was not to toy with the enemy forces but to erase them.



ST. LAURENT, DEWEY & FROST

The crapehangers may now soak their heads.

may now soak their heads. This is a day of triumph!"

Leaving Massena, U.S. and Canadian officials rode across to a field near Cornwall, Ont. where Canada's Prime Minister Louis St. Laurent, Ontario's Premier Leslie Frost and Governor Dewey took silver-plated shovels in hand and broke ground for the project's powerhouse.

When completed in 1959, the project will generate more power than TVA. New York and Ontario will share equally in the cost (\$600 million) and in the power (12.6 billion kilowatt-hours a year). The dam will fit into the St. Lawrence Seaway system, scheduled for completion in 1958.

BRAZIL

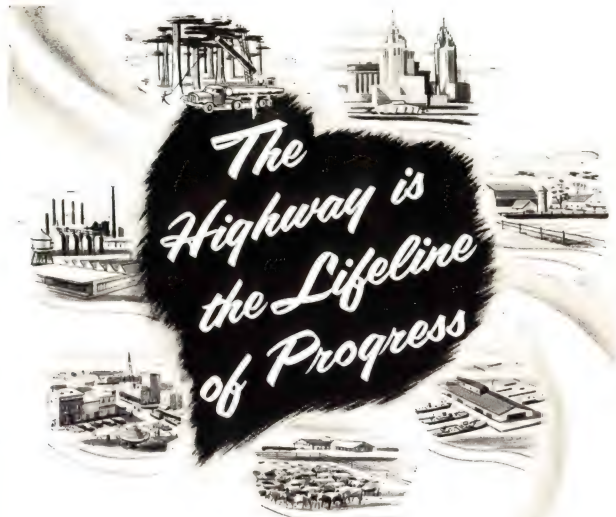
The Palace Trail

President Getulio Vargas was in trouble. Every new clue to the assassination of an Air Force major and the shooting of Editor Carlos Lacerda (TIME, Aug. 16) seemed to point straight to the presiden-

swarmed up the Avenida Rio Branco, shouting: "Down with Vargas," tore down Luthero's campaign posters and overturned and set fire to a campaign car bearing pro-Vargas slogans.

At the first embarrassing clues, wily President Vargas undertook protective maneuvers. He disbanded his personal guard, and replaced his Rio de Janeiro police chief. In addition, Luthero personally went to the air force investigators to answer all their questions. Said Luthero: "I swear before God and the nation that I have not participated in this deplorable crime."

For a time there were even rumors of a military coup. Generals and admirals met in a succession of emergency conferences, and out of the meetings came word that some officers thought it was time to depose Getulio Vargas. But to do that they needed the backing of the army, and to win that they had to convince the army's boss, War Minister General Euclides Zeno da Costa. The War Minister vetoed



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We have long since reached the point where the sluggish flow of traffic *has retarded progress* because our highways are inadequate to handle the traffic volume of the 55 million motor vehicles in the United States. This neglect has not saved money because inefficiency in transportation, like inefficiency in any other operation, is always unnecessarily expensive.

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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

On the advice of a doctor who told her to take a "long, long rest," Academy Award-winning Actress **Audrey** (*Roman Holiday*) **Hepburn**, 25, also the toast of Broadway for her star performance in *Ondine*, announced that she is going to loaf for "at least eight months" in Switzerland, Italy, France and England. Said overstrained Audrey: "I want to enjoy life, and not become a wreck after a few years of work, like so many others."

Interviewed in Manhattan, debonair Crooner **Billy Eckstine** announced plans to record an Eckstine-composed duet, *Two for Tee*, with an old fairway acquaintance, Golfer **Jimmy Demaret**, three-time winner of the Masters Tournament, and described by Billy as "a surprisingly sweet Killarney tenor type." But Golfer Demaret has no place in Eckstine's vision of the composite "dream crooner." His choices and their attributes: "The ideal lad would have **Perry Como**'s voice, **Frank Sinatra**'s ease, **Tony Martin**'s showmanship. Not 'King' Cole's soul—and **Bing Crosby**'s money."

Reminiscing about a meeting with **Sinclair Lewis** in London in 1922, Biographer Charles Breasted, writing in the *Saturday Review*, recalled asking the late author whether *Main Street*, the literary rage of that day, was autobiographical. Lewis' candid admission: it was. Breasted wanted to know whether the novel's heroine, Carol Kennicott, was a self-portrait. Startled at one of the few correct guesses about Carol's identity, Lewis replied with what could well have served as his own gloomy epitaph: "Yes, Carol is 'Red'

Lewis: always groping for something she isn't capable of attaining, always dissatisfied, always restlessly straining to see what lies just over the horizon, intolerant of her surroundings, yet lacking any clearly defined vision of what she really wants to do or to be." A few years later, Lewis told Breasted just what value he placed upon his own works: "In the future a book of mine will probably always be good for a sale of 50,000—but neither the critics nor the author will be fooled. The best of what I'll ever have produced will bear the same relation to true literary achievement that a jacket blurb does to the text of a really great book."

Photographs of an oil portrait of **Mamie Eisenhower**, all prettied up in pink and wearing a wistfully puckish smile, were released at the White House. The work, which hangs in the President's



Associated Press
PORTRAIT OF MAMIE
Wistfully puckish.

living quarters, was painted last year by Manhattan Artist Thomas E. Stephens (no kin but an old Greenwich Village friend of White House Appointments Secretary Thomas E. Stephens). Artist Stephens has coached Amateur Painter **Dwight Eisenhower**, also painted him, his mother, father and several of Ike's friends.

In Hollywood, the grand old lady of the American theater, **Ethel Barrymore**, turned 75, still looked grand, and, in an interview with a New York *Times* woman, pronounced herself "wildly healthy." Ethel went on to diagnose the state of the lively arts. The theater, she decided, "looks pretty good—although none of the girls knows how to talk any more. Except **Julie Harris**, and that one can do any thing." Then Ethel disclosed that "I never go [to the movies], not even to my own. Why should I? I never saw myself on the stage either, you know." She had television down pat: "It's hell." Notwithstanding its hellishness, Actress Barrymore sat



United Press
ETHEL BARRYMORE
Wildly healthy.

down last week and was photographed as she signed a long-term contract to emote in a series of half-hour TV shows, starting next April.

Onetime Chicago *Daily Newsman* **Ben** (*The Front Page*) **Hecht**, 60, who as a self-proclaimed *Child of the Century* has sampled most of the century's boozey philosophies, hit Chicago again and tried out his old beat in *Women's Court*. Reported byline Hecht: "In the 30 years since my byline was visible in this newspaper . . . things have changed, including possibly the shape of the earth. But . . . she was still there . . . trying to defend her wicked ways . . . The officer had spotted her talking earnestly to a strange man on the street corner . . . With her run-over heels and tongue-tied soul [she] will be the only thing the atom bomb will never change or remove."

At Minsky's burlesque house in Newark, N.J., where bumps and grinds have found refuge from Manhattan's clayfooted blueses, **Mrs. Tommy Manville**, 31, opened a one-week stand to supplement her income (\$1,000 a week from *Tommy*). Asbestosian Manville, 60, peevishly refusing to catch his estranged ninth wife's routine, snorted: "I haven't been to a burlesque for 46 years—and I won't start again with her stinky show."

In Chicago for the World Council of Churches assembly (see RELIGION), Germany's famed Pastor **Martin Niemöller** lit a long cigar and discussed tobacco as the hallmark of the theologian. Puffed he: "If he smokes cigarettes, he's liberal. If he smokes cigars, he's orthodox. If he smokes a pipe, he's dialectic. If he doesn't smoke, then he cannot be a theologian." Niemöller then admitted that the theology was not his, but that of Switzerland's pipe-smoking Theologian **Karl Barth**.



SINCLAIR LEWIS (IN THE '20S)
Restlessly straining.

Metropolitan dollars come home to roost!



LAST YEAR, Metropolitan benefit payments to policyholders and beneficiaries exceeded \$1,000,000,000—an all-time record in the history of Life Insurance. Each of the Company's 1,000 local offices paid benefits, on the average, of over \$1,000,000—tangible evidence of the value of Metropolitan's localized services. Undoubtedly, many of these dollars flowed into your own community.

These benefits did not just happen. They resulted largely from the efficient and faithful efforts of Metropolitan Agents—men who sought out those in need of Life insurance, diagnosed their requirements, and developed individualized plans to help protect families in a manner consistent with their hopes, ambitions, and circumstances.

To illustrate the benefits which Metropolitan's benefit dollars made possible in 1953, let us take a good American city like Indianapolis, Indiana. Metropolitan policyholders and beneficiaries in that city received \$4,900,000 last year. There follow several cases which indicate the benefits which some of these dollars made possible.

1. On July 4, 1953, a Metropolitan Agent celebrated the holiday at the home of a good friend, an Indianapolis dentist. The dentist was devoted to his son whose ambition was to follow in his Dad's professional footsteps. Over the years, the Agent had urged the dentist to help assure the fulfillment of the boy's ambition in the event something unforeseen happened.

The holiday was especially significant because it was also the occasion on which the

Agent delivered to his friend a \$30,000 policy to make certain the son's dental education, plus a "nest egg" with which to begin practice. The following November, the dentist, who had never been sick a day in his life, passed away. Today, the son is in a well-known state university getting the coveted education—thanks to the love and foresight of a father.

2. A local Metropolitan Agent was startled to read in a newspaper that a middle-aged policyholder had been thrown from his automobile and had sustained severe back injuries. He called immediately at the home of the injured man to offer help in preparing claim papers and arranging for payment of immediate expenses.

Upon arriving, he found the injured man's wife nearly frantic and greatly concerned about the forthcoming medical bills which she had no money to meet. She was astounded to learn from the Agent that her husband had only a short time before taken out a substantial accident policy with Metropolitan, but had forgotten to tell her about it. She was greatly relieved to know that the medical bills would be taken care of . . . in fact, the Company ultimately paid \$1,900.

3. The efforts of Metropolitan Agents are not always completely successful, and such instances emphasize even more "what might have been" if the breadwinner had protected his family with adequate Life insurance. Consider the case of two Indianapolis families which lived directly across the street from each other last year.

One family still lives at the old address. Metropolitan dollars are being used to help keep the family together, pay off the mortgage on the home and help educate the four children—despite the fact that the father died suddenly. Unfortunately, the father of the family across the way passed on without securing the adequate coverage offered by the Metropolitan Agent. As a result, his widow and two small children had to move to the home of her parents.

These Indianapolis cases typify some of the results of actual services that Metropolitan Agents have been and are continually rendering all over America—helping fathers and mothers safeguard their homes against the uncertainties of life. Yet, there are other ways—such as through investments—that "Metropolitan dollars come home to roost!"

Up to the time Metropolitan is called upon to make payments under policies, it invests and reinvests funds to help earn money for such payments. In all likelihood some of these investments are in your community helping provide jobs, as well as the comforts and conveniences of life.

Yes—in many different ways "Metropolitan dollars come home to roost." Every one of these dollars reflects the efforts of some Metropolitan Agent, points up the fact that he is an understanding friend and neighbor, and that . . .

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Report Card

¶ In the course of questioning a 16-year-old suspect charged with stealing an automobile, Judge Samuel Leihowitz of New York City's Kings County (Brooklyn) Court discovered something about U.S. education that left him "speechless." Though the boy could spell both "dog" and "cat" orally, he could not write either. As a matter of fact, he could not write at all. Had he never been to school? Yes, indeed—he had had three terms of high school. "This," said the judge, "is unbelievable."

¶ After surveying more than 50 different communities across the nation, the U.S. Department of Labor and U.S. Education Commissioner Samuel Brownell suggested a plan to ease the teacher shortage. The plan: to get various communities to set up special teacher-training programs aimed principally at the housewife with a B.A. In this way, they said, thousands of American women will at last be able to put their rusted degrees to work, and the nation's schools will be assured of a whole new supply of "mature, qualified women."

¶ At the behest of Wisconsin's Joseph McCarthy, the U.S. Senate issued contempt citations against Harvard Physicist Wendell Furry and Psychologist Leon Kamin. Reason for the citations: though both men had finally discarded the use of the Fifth Amendment, and though both had freely admitted that they had once been members of the Communist Party, neither would play informer against others who might have been members too.

¶ Appointment of the week: Clark George Kuebler, 46, president of Ripon College, Wis., to succeed J. Harold Williams as second provost of the University of California's Santa Barbara College. A former assistant professor of classics at Northwestern University, Kuebler took over Ripon when only 35. In the eleven years since, he has upped enrollments from 160 to 600, boosted his endowment from \$750,000 to more than \$3,000,000, strengthened the quality of his faculty by appointing only Ph.D.s from first-class universities to professorships. "Education," says he, "must dispel the all too common notion that ideas and ideals do not count, that education is not concerned with what is good and what is evil, but is really only a matter of adjustment to environment. It is high time for all educators to question our values, not cynically, but to seek aid wherever we can find it—in the arts, in literature, in philosophy and in religion."

Those German Schools!

Except for her nationality, Edith Maria Binde had seemed at first to be a perfectly normal student at the University of Illinois. A pert, handsome brunette of 19, she graduated from a typical German secondary school in Lichterfelde, entered Illinois on a foreign-student scholarship last September. But by last week, the university had decided that Edith was

not really normal at all: she was nothing less than a female version of the fabulous Mr. Belvedere.

When Edith hit Urbana last fall, she faced the usual requirement of 120 semester hours to get her degree. But her training at the Goethe Schule was so good that she was able to lop off 18 hours for her English, Russian and Latin, nine hours for her mathematics, twelve for history, four for geography, 18 for German. She added eight more by taking an advanced examination in Russian. After that, she was ready to tackle the remaining 51. The major she picked: economics.

Instead of taking the usual workload of 14 hours in her first two semesters, Edith upped the ante to 40. By June, she still



ILLINOIS' BINDE
She followed Mr. Belvedere.

had eleven credits left to go, but she decided to toss these off in one fell swoop during the summer. This week, when the university announced that she would get her bachelor's degree after less than a year, her average stands at 4.25 out of a possible 5, i.e., almost all As and Bs.

How had she done it? Not, apparently, by being a grind. "It may sound terrible," she said, "but I averaged about five dates a week." An accomplished pianist, she joined the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority, played plenty of tennis, even joined the chorus line at the university's spring carnival show. Somewhere along the way, she also found time to get engaged to Fred Sorenson, 20, the news director of the local TV station, WCIA.

If she was not a grind, then how had she managed? Says Edith hesitantly: "I guess the general level is a little more advanced in Germany. The fact that I could get a degree in such a short time tells pretty well that they do ask for a little more in high school. I think."



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SPORT

A Time for Lions?

The sight of English Runner Jim Peters' collapse in the last quarter-mile of the marathon at the British Empire Games (TIME, Aug. 16) moved many spectators to indignant comment. None used sharper words than the Seattle *Post-Intelligencer's* Columnist Emmett Watson.

"Some say Peters collapsed twelve times," wrote Watson. "I counted seven times, not noting the moments when he half-rose, then fell back again . . . [Peters] had no control over his body. He pulled himself along on his bottom, then crawled on his hands and knees . . . What he was doing had nothing to do with sport or competition . . . I say it would be impossible to libel that group of hedge-wearing sadists who allowed Peters to make a spectacle of himself on that track."

"No prizefighter would ever be subjected to that. But they subjected Peters—those stupidly cruel, dense, gutless amateurs crouched on the sidelines, egging him to get up, to finish . . . you can make it . . . you can win. Win what?"

"One man, a resident of Canada, said later: 'It was horrible. I expected any moment they would call out the lions.'"

"They wouldn't call out the lions. Too many officials were on the field."

Keep Out of Manhattan

For 18 years, while he took his lumps in tank towns and second-rate cities, Archie Moore earned little besides a reputation. He got to be one of the best boxers in the country, but he usually did his fighting for small change. Two years ago, when he won the light-heavyweight championship in St. Louis, Moore's share of the purse came to a reported \$1,492. Even then, the

owl-eyed operators who make matches in the smoky back rooms refused to give him a break. Archie had to defend his title in Ogden, Utah, later in Miami. It was no way to grow rich.

Last week at 37, Archie finally got a crack at the big time. It was a little late in the game for him to be impressed. Under the glare of the ring lights, Manhattan's Madison Square Garden looked like any other arena; even Harold Johnson, Archie's younger (26) opponent, seemed like an old friend. The two had already fought four times, and Archie had taken three decisions. "I've got his number and he knows it," he said the day before the fight. Now he shrugged off his black and gold bathrobe and waited patiently to begin the night's work.

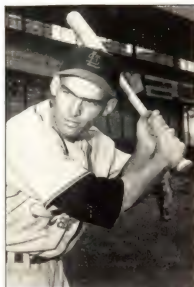
From the start, the two Negroes demonstrated the graceful art of boxing. Johnson jabbed and ran, scored points and moved out of range. In the tenth, Moore forced himself for a moment, lunged forward and caught a clip on the neck. He was knocked to his knees for a count of five. Unruffled, he kept right on shifting his style, teasing the challenger, waiting for Johnson to make a mistake. Johnson finally oldied. In the 14th, he backed carelessly into a corner. Instantly Moore moved in. Johnson took a short, straight right to the jaw, spun half around as if looking for help and sank to the canvas. He was up at five. The furious frown that the challenger had been wearing was gone now; in its place was an empty grin. Two vicious punches from Moore and even the grin faded. The fight was over.

Next day Champion Moore made a modest suggestion: he thought he had earned a crack at Rocky Marciano and a heavyweight purse. In the back room of boxing, the smart-money boys disagreed. Archie, they argued, like most stylists, was too clean and clever a fighter to make for drama and draw a big gate. But he could hit the road again and take on Joey Maxim, another old friend—in Omaha.

St. Louis' Moon

Like inveterate gamblers, St. Louis ball fans keep coming back to Busch Stadium even though they are losing. The Cardinals are the only team in town, and the muggy Midwestern summer is never so dismal that it cannot be brightened by the sight of Stan Musial at the plate or the pleasure of second-guessing hard-luck Manager Eddie Stanky. For a few weeks this spring, the bleacher jockeys even got a kick out of razzing Rookie Wally Moon in the outfield. "Where's Enos?" they would yell. Did that lanky, crew-cut college boy really think he could fill in for Enos ("Country") Slaughter?

Just about the happiest thing that happened in St. Louis all season is that Moon has made the grade. He is filling in for Slaughter so well that the fans have almost forgiven the Cardinal management for selling old Enos to the Yankees. Unless he suddenly picks up the habit of catching



OUTFIELDER MOON

The shortstop helps him get hits.

fly balls on his head, Wallace Wade Moon is a sure bet to be selected National League Rookie of the Year.

Barefoot Boy. "Wally Moon," says Stanky, "is a typical Cardinal-type player"—which is another way of saying that baseball is Wally's life. From the time he was old enough to throw a ball, Wally worked out daily with his father, an unconstructed semipro. After school, when the chores were done on the Moon farm near Bay, Ark., Wally and his father sweated over the fundamentals of baseball. When he was still a barefoot boy in blue jeans, Wally was playing Legion ball with the Jonesboro (Ark.) Juniors, and big-league scouts were already impressed with his speed and his easy skill at bat. But Wally's father thought that even a ballplayer could use a college education.

Wally went to Texas A. & M. on an athletic scholarship (he got a Master's in administrative education), and learned a lot more baseball. "I even learned how to break a batting slump," Wally remembers now. "You just widen your stance, stand flatfooted and try to hit the ball over the shortstop's head. It always works."

Someone to Cheer. Last spring, after three years in the minors, Wally showed up at the Cardinal camp in St. Petersburg, Fla., fresh from a winter of baseball in Maracaibo, Venezuela, his batting eye sharp. Manager Stanky was so impressed that he never thought of sending Wally back to the minors. But taking Slaughter's place was a tough spot. Wally kept badgering old hands like Musial and Schoendienst for advice. In the field, he made few mistakes. At the plate, he started belting out base hits steadily. His current average: .331. "Here it is August 1965. Second Baseman Schoendienst, 'and I think I have a shot at the batting championship, but I wouldn't be surprised if Moon beats out all of us—Duke Snider and Don Mueller included.'"



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(Based on Company File #W D62KAL23315)

It was Friday afternoon. I was driving to Chicago to keep a business date. Suddenly a car shot out of a roadside gas station. I swerved left, but couldn't avoid being hit.

What a wallop! I was knocked right off the road. My car was a wreck—my head got a terrific whack against the door. I spent the night under a doctor's care.

Saturday morning, stiff, handaged and shaky, I looked up the local Hartford agent. He dropped everything to help me. When he learned that I had lost my glasses and was having trouble without them, he insisted on driving me out to look for them. It was a wasted effort. We found them smashed.

I saw no chance of getting new glasses before Monday, if then. But that didn't stop the Hartford man. He persuaded an eye doctor to open his office and examine my eyes. He induced an optician to grind new lenses at once. It seemed everybody

in town was glad to do him a favor. Certainly having his willing help was a break for me!

In a couple of days, I had another car. The agent helped get it, and the Hartford Fire Insurance Company paid for it under my Collision Insurance. My doctors' bills were covered by the Medical Payments section of my Liability Insurance in the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company.

This experience certainly opened my eyes to something I had never thought of before—the importance of insuring in a company that delivers good agency service. When you run into trouble you find out that the cost of your policy isn't as important as what you get in the way of help—the considerate, all-out kind I was given by that Hartford representative. And from what I'm told, over 15,000 Hartford Agents from coast to coast pride themselves on being helpful.



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Wet Grand Slam

The grinding monotone of competitive bidding filled the ballrooms of Washington's Mayflower Hotel. For nearly two weeks, 3,000 bridge players had been fidgeting, frowning and fussing with their cards while they sat through 10,860 hands and struggled for six national titles at the 26th annual Summer Championship of the American Contract Bridge League. The tension was enough to drive strong men to drink. Eventually, it did.

The final matches were getting under way last week when one of the tournament directors blew a police whistle for quiet and rose to make an embarrassing but necessary announcement: "Any player having a bottle of liquor in his pocket or on the table will be barred from the tournament." (Tentative applause swept the room.) "Any player who is unpleasantly drunk, bottle or no bottle, will also be barred." (More applause.) "If anyone is intoxicated but pleasant, he can play. We're not bluesoes." (Cheers.)

The tension broken, Milton Ellenby and William A. Rosen of Chicago, Lew Mathe of Los Angeles, John Moran of Houston and Cliff Bishop of Detroit went on to take the Masters' Knockout Championship with a string of seven straight victories, won the right to represent the U.S. in next year's international matches in New York City.

Scoreboard

¶ In Chicago, Bob Toski, 27, hard-hitting, 127-lb. pro from Livingston, N.J., shot a steady 14-under-par for a 72-hole total of 274 to win the Tam O'Shanter World Championship of Golf and a first prize worth \$100,000 in cash and exhibition fees. Tied for second, just one stroke and \$50,000 behind: Texan Earl Stewart and New Yorker Jack Burke.

¶ At Saratoga Springs, N.Y., everything was breaking right for Horseman C. V. "Sonny" Whitney. In the first two weeks of the Saratoga meeting, his thoroughbreds started in 25 races, were first under the wire three times in a single afternoon, carried his Eton blue and brown silks to victory a total of 14 times.

¶ At Newport, R.I., Intercollegiate Tennis Champion Hamilton Richardson, 20, sixth ranking player in the U.S., fought through a four-hour final, longest of the grass-court season, outlasted Pasadena's Straight Clark, 20, for the Newport invitation title, 6-3, 9-7, 12-14, 6-8, 10-8. Shot through with upsets, the tournament saw such top-seeded players as the U.S.'s Vic Seixas, Australia's Wimbledon Finalist Kenneth Rosewall and his Davis Cup teammate, Lewis Hoad, all beaten badly in early rounds.

¶ In Chicago, the Detroit Lions, National Football League Champions last year, agreed to the intercollegiate limited-substitution rule, played an exhibition game of one-plateon football with the College All-Stars, kept their regular quarterback, Bobby Layne, on the bench, and still outshone the Stars in every department. Final score: 31-6.

MUSIC

Symphony of the Air

Under Arturo Toscanini, the NBC Symphony became one of the world's finest orchestras. Last spring, when Toscanini retired, the NBC Symphony died, leaving three-quarters of its 92 members without regular work. But the orchestral ghost would not give up. Members met with the orchestra's radio producer, Don Gillis, formed a committee and decided that there was a fighting chance for a comeback. Last week the group incorporated as the Symphony Foundation of New York, adopted the name Symphony of the Air, and went out to look for business. Likeliest projects: 1) concerts in a theater of its own; 2) an alliance with a university; 3) radio and TV sponsorship; 4) a general appeal for funds. With any luck at all, Toscanini's old outfit should be tuning up again by fall.

Pleasures of Promenading

Relatively few Americans care to sit through a symphony program; fewer still would think of standing through one. But for Londoners, standing is natural when midsummer rolls around and the Promenade Concerts in the Royal Albert Hall get going. A good many of the queue-hardy, in fact, stand all day, sometimes four abreast, in lines stretching around the hall and down the street. When the doors open at 6:45 p.m., they plop down their 2s, 6d., break for the arena floor, and go right on standing. Those with the best positions (i.e., as close to the conductor as possible) do not budge for the whole 2½-hour concert.

Curious Public. The "prom" tradition goes back to the grand old days of Handel (1685-1759), but the London prom proper was just 60 years old last week. To cele-

brate the occasion, dapper Conductor Sir Malcolm Sargent ("Flash Harry" to the trade) appeared before the crowd five minutes ahead of time. Bearing a laurel wreath, he strode purposefully to the bust of the late Sir Henry Wood, permanent prom conductor for its first half-century, and collared it. Promenaders cheered.

The jubilee concert made no attempt to duplicate the first one in 1895—no modern prom audience would stand for that hodgepodge of waltzes, marches and cornet solos—but it did stick pretty close to prom tradition. There were Richard Wagner's *Rienzi Overture*, the first piece played at the first prom; *Serenade to Music*, a short choral work written by Vaughan Williams for Wood's golden jubilee as a conductor 16 years ago; Sargent's own *Impression of a Windy Day*, which had its prom premiere in 1921; Liszt's *Hungarian Fantasia*, played by Pianist Mark Hambourg, 75, who played his first prom in 1896; *Hary Janos Suite*, by Hungary's Zoltan Kodaly, which, like works by many other modern composers (e.g., Bartok and Stravinsky), was first introduced to a curious London public at the prom concerts.

Fainting Ladies. Despite the fact that Albert Hall's atrocious acoustics muffled all but the most brilliant passages—and the BBC Symphony muffled some of those—the crowd whooped and stamped its delight as it has done through the years. There were some changes from the early days. Queen's Hall, original home of the proms, was bombed during World War II. But Albert Hall, 83 years old and monstrously big (10,000 capacity), took over one of the old building's most beloved attractions: a jetting fountain in the center of the arena floor. Refreshments are no longer served, and promenaders

today sometimes bring their own. Biggest change in 60 years of promenading: from bluff Sir Henry Wood, who gets credit for force-feeding his public large helpings of new music (and who used to lock the doors to keep his men from nipping off for a quick one during rehearsals), to suave Sir Malcolm, who has babied his audiences since he took over in 1959, feeds them what they like, and even sees to it (with appropriate gestures) that they laugh in the right places.

In the wasp-waist era, during slow movements of the music, the thuds of corseted ladies falling in fainted were often audible at the proms. At last week's jubilee concert, no casualties were reported, although fainting in the dense crowd is not uncommon even today. A few years ago, a woman fainted during a symphony. Her husband, as respectful of music as most London promenaders, waited until the end of the movement before he carried her out of the hall.

Paganini of the Harmonica

Once a Musicians' Union man was asked if a harmonica was a musical instrument. "Certainly not," he answered. "It's a toy." But what about Larry Adler? "Oh," said the union man, "he's a freak."

Today, Larry Adler is a paid-up member of the Los Angeles local, and widely recognized as a harmonica virtuoso. But he has had his political troubles, stemming from his famous libel suit against Hester McCullough, who tried to have him barred from a Greenwich, Conn. concert hall because she said he was associated with too many Red-front organizations. The case ended in a hung jury, but ever since then, Adler has had difficulty getting engagements in the U.S. He went to live in London with his English wife and three children (who are U.S. citizens). The British love him.

Last year he composed and played some first-rate background music for the British film *Genevieve*—although for U.S. consumption his name was left off the credits. The *Manchester Guardian's* Neville Cardus compared him to Paganini: "It would be hard to prove that anybody playing any instrument in the world of music today plays with more than Mr. Adler's art and virtuosity."

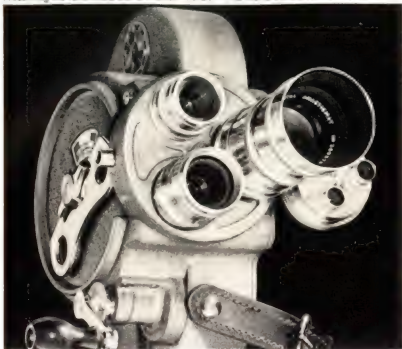
Last week, for the third year in a row, Larry Adler played a new work, written for harmonica and orchestra, at one of London's Promenade Concerts (see above). It was *Harmonica Concerto, Op. 46*, by British Composer Malcolm Arnold. Its three movements were by turns rollicking, somber and flamboyant, and its playful use of percussion brought a roar of approval from the crowd. After that, Adler repeated another piece written for him, Vaughan Williams' *Romance* (first performed in 1951), the only work that London "prom" goers ever insisted on hearing twice in a row.

Asked a newsmen: Was Adler bitter about the U.S.? No, not about the U.S. only about some people, replied the harmonica Paganini. "I have a way of channelizing these things."



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S-P

AMERICA'S MOST MODERN TRAINS

New Records

Two Frenchmen (so the story goes) were listening to a Beethoven quartet. "Ah, magnifique," sighed one, "what a beautiful theme." "Yes indeed," agreed the other. "Let's get out of here before he starts developing it."

That seems to be the philosophy behind RCA Victor's new *Listener's Digest* (10 EPs), which presents the themes of great compositions, throws away most of the rest. Why has Victor, which has made some of the most devoutly accurate recordings on the market, gone in for vandalizing great music? By serving up serious music in easily digestible chunks, Victor hopes to attract a whole new audience to classical fare. Whether friends can be won for classical music this way is dubious; the experiment is comparable to editing the tougher passages out of Shakespeare or redrawing El Greco to fatten his perspective.

Listener's Digest is subtitled "The exciting new-short cut to great music." The cut is not only short but unkind: the first movement of Beethoven's *Fifth Symphony* (in a ragged performance by the Hallé Orchestra under John Barbirolli) runs a mere three minutes—minus the development section, where, in effect, the composer explains what his music is about. Overall cut: from 32 minutes to 14. Other emasculated masterpieces: Franck's *D Minor Symphony* (38 to 14), Brahms's *First Symphony* (38 to 15), Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto (36 to 15).

Other new records:

John Blow: *Venus and Adonis* (Margaret Ritchie, Gordon Clinton; orchestra and chorus conducted by Anthony Lewis; L'Oiseau-Lyre). A late 17th century opera, complete with *basso continuo*, cupids, and Venus' own recipe for happy love.

*I seldom vex a lover's ears
With business or with jealous fears.
I give him freely all delights
With pleasant days and easy nights.*

The music, for all its antique airs, is graceful, evocative and full of variety.

Brahms: *Variations on a Theme by Paganini* (Charles Rosen, pianist; London). One of the 19th century's biggest display pieces, requiring "steel fingers" and a "lion's heart." Pianist Rosen has the fingers but undersells his heart: his variations are clean, fiery and absolutely unsentimental.

Gianni Poggi: *Operatic Recital* (London). A young (32) lyric tenor from La Scala shows a golden voice and a fine feeling for Italian-opera tradition in these seven selections from *Il Trovatore*, *Manon Lescaut*, *Andrea Chénier*, etc. Tenor Poggi is due for U.S. appearances next year.

Mattiwilda Dobbs: *Song Recital* (Angel). The young (29) Atlanta Negro who has been cheering two continents with her remarkable operatic coloratura shows that she is equally adept in pastoral art songs.

Mozart: *Motets* (Soloists, chorus and orchestra directed by Felix Raugel; *L'Anthologie Soubise*; Haydn Society). Seven

religious choruses—six jubilant, one melancholy—in Mozart's flowing counterpoint. Not up to highest recording standards, but a unique item. From Volume VII of the anthology's "Living History of Western Music from the 9th to the 19th Century."

Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 6 (Helen Schnabel; Vienna Orchestra conducted by F. Charles Adler; SPA). Beethoven arranged this number himself at the behest of a publisher who offered him hard cash. It is a piano version of his famed *Violin Concerto*, its singing solo part reinforced by octaves, its cadenzas (including a ground-breaking passage for piano and timpani) especially written for the occasion. Not as silly as it might seem.

Koussevitzky Plays the Double Bass (Victor). Out of the wayward past (1929) comes the echo of Conductor Koussevitzky's first love, the bull fiddle. In these



KOUSSEVITZKY & DOUBLE BASS
Like a fat man on a dance floor.

six pieces (three of them his own compositions), the instrument sounds like a husky cello, dark and sentimental, and it moves like a fat man on a dance floor, bulky but often surprisingly graceful.

Four Sonatas for Piano (Zidel Skolovsky; Columbia). A talented pianist enthusiastically takes on four distinctive 20th century styles: Scriabin's still-misty modernity (*Sonata No. 4*); Alban Berg's early and rather turbid atonality (*Sonata, Op. 1*); Bartok's lean, athletic, but vividly coherent paganism (*Sonata*); and Hindemith's smooth-flowing manner that says little at great length (*Sonata No. 2*). The performances are clean and sure.

Poulenc: Nocturnes (Grant Johansen, pianist; Concert Hall). Some sweet-sour (but mostly sweet) vaporizing by Cosmopolitan Composer Poulenc. Lightweight and pleasant, expertly played.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

The Week in Review

U.S. television last week stirred up more excitement overseas than it did at home. To begin with, J. Fred Muggs, the 31-lb. chimpanzee who earns \$500 a week for co-starring on NBC's *Today* with Dave Garraway, stopped traffic in Paris, Rome, Cairo and Tokyo on a whirlwind round-the-world tour. London was skipped because NBC felt that British memories might still be green about Muggs's narrowly stealing the coronation telecast from Queen Elizabeth. NBC Pressagent Mary A. Kelly, one of Muggs's entourage of five, wrote home excitedly that Parisians were exclaiming, "*Regardez la petite bête!*" and that "even Robespierre would have admired the mobs in our wake."

At Home Abroad. The Italians proved rather difficult by not permitting Muggs to be photographed in front of national monuments. He was refused a seat on an Italian train, although the Italian airline was delighted to have him. At the Rome Zoo, troubles mounted: Egypt's exiled King Farouk would not pose with Muggs, and a rogue elephant ate the chimp's shoes. In Cairo Muggs scratched the nose of a somnolent camel, while in Tokyo 70 reporters and photographers met him at the airport and 15 geishas fanned him while he napped. The Paris press ignored Muggs; the Japanese papers raved about him; Italian newsmen were both kind and critical.

A typical man-in-the-street opinion was voiced by an elderly Roman lady who has never forgotten the horrifying occasion in 1944 when a U.S. War Relief organization tried to feed her canned clam chowder. Said she: "I never thought that I would live to see the day when a chimpanzee earned more money than most humans and was sent on a grand tour. But then, what can you expect of a people who make soup out of shellfish and hoiled milk?"

Meanwhile, in London, a weighty if irascible voice was raised in defense of U.S. broadcasting. Testy Sir Thomas Beecham took four columns in the *Sunday Times* to tell his countrymen what was right about U.S. radio-TV. Musically, he said, the U.S. was far ahead, with weekly broadcasts of the Metropolitan Opera six months a year and "the opportunity of hearing and seeing the great majority of the famous violinists, pianists, cellists, etc. of our time, whose respective fees are beyond the means of any other system outside the U.S.A." Conceding that these blessings were accompanied by "a good deal of rubbish," Sir Thomas nevertheless pointed out that there was so much to hear and look at that "you can spend the time agreeably in picking out that which you like and dodging that which you don't."

But Sir Thomas gave some American readers pause when he plumped for wrestling as his favorite television fare. Seemingly unaware that U.S. wrestling is as

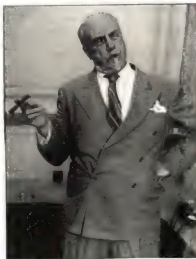


J. FRED MUGGS IN PARIS.
Fifteen geishas but no Farouk.

well rehearsed as a Sadler's Wells ballet. Sir Thomas rhapsodized: "I know of little more virile and exciting than the sight of one gentleman weighing about 17 stone⁹ picking up another of similar avoirdupois and throwing him over his head with as much facility and address as if he were handling bales of cotton or sacks of coal. I enjoyed other truly masculine and adult exhibitions of a similar sort which find place rarely in our one and only monopolistic institution."

The Swift & the Strong. If it had not been for sports, most TV sets could have been turned off last week with little loss. *Dragnet*, *Mr. Peepers*, *Groucho Marx* and a dozen other shows were still showing repeat films to whoever happened to have missed them in the winter months. Sir Thomas Beecham would have been happy watching Light Heavyweight Archie Moore club Harold Johnson into submission (see *SPORT*), or seeing the professional Detroit Lions give the College All-Stars a painful football lesson, 31-6, on one of the largest radio (670 stations)

© 215 pounds.



SIR THOMAS BEECHAM
Lots of rubbish but agreeably exciting.

and TV (160 stations) networks ever put together.

The most unusual note in the week's scheduling occurred at 11 o'clock one morning. Housewives tuning in on Wednesday's *Home* program were handed a full-fledged battle instead of Arlene Francis and her pots and pans. Called "Operation Threshold," the program was telecast from Maryland's Fort Meade, and was aimed at showing how headquarters could watch its units on TV as they charged up an enemy-held hill. If perfected, combat TV could conceivably eliminate noncoms and junior officers, and foot soldiers would get their orders—and criticisms—direct from the commanding general seated before a TV set in a well sandbagged dugout.

When the televised sham battle was over, Major General George I. Back, chief signal officer, hailed it as the beginning of a new era: "Just as the introduction of gunpowder . . . revolutionized the weapons of ground warfare, television will inject an entirely new concept into military communications." Also on hand was Brigadier General (ret.) David Sarnoff, whose Radio Corporation of America had collaborated with the Signal Corps in developing combat TV. Sarnoff also saw "a new era in tactical communications . . . which will enable a commander to keep a watchful eye on every section of the battlefield." General Matthew B. Ridgway, Chief of Staff, seemed a little less certain that the millennium was at hand. He observed that the Army "is exploring to the fullest extent possible every scientific or technical advance as it occurs," but warned that "we are not interested in gadgetry as such . . ."

You're Another. Controversy raged as usual throughout the week, with the accepted number of politicians and experts appearing on forums and giving in most cases simple answers to complicated problems. Some of the week's best debates took place off the air. CBS Pressagent Frank Stanton protested the ban on TV coverage of the forthcoming McCarthy investigations. When reporters pointed out that CBS had not bothered to televise the Army-McCarthy hearings, Stanton argued that it was the principle that mattered: "We want the same access to the hearings as is given the press. Like the press, we then reserve the right to use our editorial judgment as to how much of the hearings we will carry, and when we will put them on the air, if at all."

In Chicago, Admiral Corp. announced that this fall, Bishop Fulton J. Sheen's *Life Is Worth Living* would be seen over 60-odd TV stations instead of last year's total of 160. In Manhattan, Bishop Sheen appeared unperturbed by his sponsor trouble. Explaining that he had been deluged by letters from his fans protesting the decision, the bishop said: "I am sure that when we return to the air in November we will be on more stations than ever before—close to 200."

In Manhattan, tempers were short as George Meany, president of the American Federation of Labor, announced the firing

of Frank Edwards, the union's \$35,000-a-year radio news commentator. Reason: Edwards' failure to make clear what was news and what was personal opinion. Commentator Edwards, who sometimes referred to the Administration as "the happiness boys in Washington," and who often seemed more interested in flying saucers than union problems, promptly cried censorship.

In the Wings. One of the reasons TVmen give for the summer doldrums is that they need the time for planning and preparing the big shows for fall. In Hollywood, TV producers were busy this week grinding out the reels that will make up 80% of the new season's film entertainment. Best of the new crop may be *Medic*, which takes a microscopic view of such medical problems as the birth of a baby and the operational cure of a cleft palate, and *Hey, Mulligan*, a new series starring Mickey Rooney as an NBC page boy.

Were any of the sustaining summer shows good enough to carry on into the fall as sponsored programs? The trade magazine *Tide* asked the question of more than 3,000 industry executives, found three shows in front by a wide margin: *The Marriage*, starring Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn; *Adventure*; and *Shakespeare on TV*, featuring Southern California's Professor Frank C. Baxter.

Program Preview

For the week starting Thursday, Aug. 19. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

President Eisenhower (Thurs. 9 p.m., ABC). Speaking from the Illinois State Fair.

Stars in Action (Fri. 8 p.m., NBC). Woody Herman, with Georgia Gibbs.

Let's Pretend (Sat. 1:35 p.m., CBS). Begins its 25th year with an Indian fantasy, *The Dun Horse*.

Memo from the U.N. (Sat. 6:15 p.m., CBS). The war on world illiteracy.

Showcase (Sat. 6:30 p.m., NBC). A new series of British radio shows.

The Music Room (Sun. 9:15 a.m., CBS). With Pianist Alec Templeton.

Hollywood Bowl Concert (Mon. 8 p.m., NBC). Starring Baritone Robert Merrill.

TELEVISION

Kraft TV Theater (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., ABC). Valerie Bettis in *The Shining Hour*.

Campbell Soundstage (Fri. 9:30 p.m., NBC). *The Last Thirty Minutes*, with Arthur Franz, Martha Vickers.

Camera Three (Sat. 2 p.m., CBS). All about Mississippi river boats.

Exploring God's World (Sun. 10:30 a.m., CBS). Religious show for children.

Toast of the Town (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). With Eartha Kitt, John Raitt, Janis Paige.

Background (Mon. 8:30 p.m., NBC). News documentary, with Joseph C. Harsch.

Summer Playhouse (Tues. 9 p.m., NBC). Gene Raymond in *Full Portrait*.

Life With Father (Tues. 10 p.m., CBS). With Leon Ames, Lurene Tuttle.



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ART



CARL WALTERS' DOG

In the land of Rip Van Winkle, inconsequential perfection.

Oil & Martinis

Woodstock, N.Y., is one of the nation's prettiest, homiest and most distinguished art colonies. Its steep hillsides, near where Rip Van Winkle boozed with wilderness ghosts, are patched now with fallow fields. Each "farm" has its barn, and almost every barn conceals an artist's studio. Last week a little of the harvest from those barns was on exhibition at the Woodstock Artists Association Gallery. It made a conservative but sunny display. Most Woodstock painters seem to like picturing pleasant things in more or less understandable fashion. (Advanced-guardists go elsewhere chiefly to East Hampton, L.I. and Provincetown, Mass.)

The show—organized to benefit the Woodstock Artists Welfare Fund and its "Rest Room Building Fund"—drew contributions from dozens of citizens whose reputations, and prices, are sizable. The townspeople paid \$25 a ticket to drink to its success and take home a Doris Lee lithograph of plump bathers in a black pool. Four winning ticket holders got a good deal more, their choice of any painting or sculpture in the place. The fortunate four picked Anton Refregier's crisp figure piece, *Boy Drying Rope*, a lush little still life by Sigmund Menkes—a thickly sketched townscape by Eugene Ludins, and Carl Walters' ceramic dog. The dog—an inconsequential thing done perfectly—was the best of the lot.

When the hum of mutual compliments and tinkling of glasses had died away, it looked as if the gallery would soon have funds for not one but two rest rooms. To some Woodstock's gaiety seemed too close to complacency—none of the big names had produced works for the occasion that were important, or even particularly adventurous. Grumbled Abstract

Sculptor Herman Cherry: "Cocktail parties . . . flourish like poison ivy in this vicinity." But most Woodstock artists find that oil and Martinis mix well enough, and that art need not be great to be worth while.

Gentle Portraitist

Portraits often mirror the artist as much as their subjects. On the walls of the Berkshire Museum in Pittsfield, Mass., last week, hung a collection of portraits that were animated with gentle strength of character, aglow with love of children. They depicted many famous men—Philosopher William James, Pablo Casals, Richard Harding Davis, Robert E. Sherwood (as a small boy). But what they described

with even greater certainty was their creator, Ellen Emmet Rand, who plainly painted with malice toward none.

The collection showed 90 works of an artist who eagerly started to draw at four, and still eagerly painted at 66, when she died (in 1941). In her lifetime, she turned out about 800 paintings, also found time to marry and raise three sons.

In the '00s, San Francisco-born Ellen Rand, daughter of Christopher Temple Emmet (a lawyer and grandnephew of Irish Patriot Robert Emmet), went to study in Paris with Sculptor Frederick MacMonnies. "Everybody was running around that studio," a friend remembers, "nude male models, and there was even a panther in a cage. And here she came into this chaos and just sat there painting simply beautiful things." At the turn of the century, Ellen Rand held her first one-man exhibit in Manhattan, and the procession of the rich and famous to her studio began.

Painter Rand started a portrait of Teddy Roosevelt but had to give it up. "It was ridiculous," she recalled. "He couldn't sit still—especially with children going in and out of the studio with snakes and spiders." Later, Franklin D. Roosevelt was almost as difficult. She tried him first at Hyde Park in a room where 25 newsmen were interviewing the President. The second time, she painted the President in her Manhattan studio—from sketches. It was a gay portrait, showing the famous F.D.R. smile, and as soon as he saw it, F.D.R. himself ordered the smile off.

For her portraits, she was paid as much as \$3,000 to \$5,000. In one year (1930), she earned \$74,000. Looking at her later pictures, her critics professed to long for her "earlier, freer work," before she was hemmed in by fashionable portraiture. Last week the Berkshire show gave critics a chance to reassess Ellen Rand's lifetime production. Their verdict: a good second to her contemporary, Mary Cassatt (1845-1926), America's best woman painter.

PUBLIC FAVORITES (Nos. 41 & 42)

THERE is a theory that art spins out of itself, century by century, in a sort of chain reaction. According to this notion, it is the world of art and not the great wide world that inspires artists. French Author-Critic André Malraux, a European cultivated to the breaking point, put that idea across in *The Voices of Silence* (TIME, Feb. 15). Yet painters who prefer the fields to the museums, and who try to describe nature rather than to repeat or surpass another man's picture, do not fit this theory. The U.S. has been rich in such artists, as it has been poor in art traditions. Even now, with objective painting on the wane everywhere, America has its Edward Hopper and Charles Burchfield.

The two greatest realists America has produced were men of the late 19th century: Philadelphia's Thomas Eakins and New England's Winslow Homer. The Eakins and Homer opposition are public favorites respectively at the Fort Worth Art Center and the Butler Art Institute (in Youngstown, Ohio). These are not subtle or even vastly skilled pictures, and they hardly relate to European traditions. Eakins' gawky youths are a far cry from the bland, beautiful athletes of classical sculpture and Renaissance figure painting. Homer's schoolboys—like real ones—are more energetic than graceful.

Neither Eakins nor Homer cared a rap for the quality thought indispensable in Europe: art which conceals art. They achieved something rarer: honesty which may transcend art. The heart of summer, the gleam of flesh against green foliage, are conveyed in Eakins' *Swimming Hole*. And a man looking at *Snap the Whip* can remember what it felt like to get out of school and run barefoot on the grass.




THOMAS EAKINS' "THE SWIMMING HOLE"



WINSLOW HOMER'S "SNAP THE WHIP"

CICERO on the supremacy of the people



Only in states
in which the
power of the people
is supreme
has liberty
any abode

(De Republica, c.50 B.C.)

SCIENCE

Islands for Defense

To detect approaching enemy bombers, the U.S. has spread a web of radar stations along its coastlines and across the wastes of northern Canada and Alaska. Except for Navy picket ships and patrolling "Pregnant Geese" (radar-laden Lockheed Super Constellations), the protective net stops at the water's edge, leaving U.S. port cities vulnerable to sneak atomic attack. Last week the Air Force revealed that it plans to eliminate part of the gap with a string of artificial, radar-equipped Atlantic "islands," located from Newfoundland to the Virginia capes (see map) and as far as 150 miles offshore.

In building the new defenses, the Air Defense Command will exploit a happy geological accident: the Continental Shelf, a wide, submerged plain stretching out from the Atlantic Coast. Unlike the prohibitively deep waters off the Pacific Coast, the shelf abounds in shoals where the ocean floor is less than 100 feet down, providing readymade sites for man-made islands.

Much like the rig used by oilmen in the Gulf of Mexico (TIME, July 5), the Air Force island (nickname: "Texas Tower") will probably be a steel barge, some 200 ft. long, with 100-ft., tubelike caissons, each 6 ft. in diameter, running through vertical holes close to its sides. At the designated site, the caissons will be dropped and poked deep into the ocean bottom. Compressed-air jacks will inch the barge up its caissons, out of reach of waves and stormy seas. Then the caissons will be pile-driven into the mud, cut off and welded flush with the deck, then covered with flooring. Sand or concrete will be poured into the caissons for added weight and strength.

Sitting snug above the sea, each island will be a self-contained \$1,000,000 platform for a radar tower and a mass of sen-

sitive electronic gear. Unlike similar outposts built by the British in World War II, the unarmed Air Force stations will seek only to locate, rather than destroy, enemy aircraft; they will also guide friendly fighters to the target, furnish weather information to ships and shore. For the 30-odd technicians assigned to each island, living will be cramped and bleak indeed; the Air Force plans to rotate its seagoing units every 30 days.

As yet, no island has been built (the planned total is an Air Force secret), no exact location announced. But survey ships are already at sea, taking samples of the ocean bottom to determine the firmest anchorages for the new stations. By next spring, construction will be under way. Air Force target date for completion of the entire chain: 1957. Total estimated cost (excluding radar equipment): \$15 to \$20 million.

The Social Ants

Entomologists are forever disagreeing about ants. Some insist that the ant is brainier and better organized than man; others regard the ant as a slothful, inconsistent dimwit which gets along solely on a few inherited habits. John (The Life of the Spider) Crompton, a British expert, strikes a sprightly middle course. In a new book, *Ways of the Ant* (Houghton Mifflin; \$3.50), he declares that ants, banded together in communities, have evolved emotions, "discipline and intelligence of a high order," even though the individual ant may be a nincompoop compared to a go-it-alone housefly. Some of Author Crompton's evidence:

¶ Some ants are gardeners. Latin America's famed leaf-cutting parasol ants, long thought to gather leaves solely for wallpaper, actually chew them into a pulp to make an underground compost heap in which to grow mushroom spores. When a parasol princess flies forth to mate, she carries in her cheek her dowry: a speck of mushroom culture to start the garden that will feed her thousands of future children.

¶ A force of sanguine ants raided a nearby negro ant city, killed its defenders, returned home laden with captured cocoons (future slaves). But shortly afterward, the entire sanguine population came pouring out of their own nest, carrying not only the captured negro cocoons but their own cocoons as well, plus all their food, eggs, and their queen. They headed straight for the desolate negro city and made it their own. Author Crompton believes that "more or less mental processes must have taken place": i.e., even in the heat of battle, the sanguine warriors noticed that the enemy city was better than their own, returned home and persuaded their fellows to migrate.

¶ Africa's blind, carnivorous driver ants move in endless, well-ordered columns flanked by their larger "officers," who lead and direct the march. Scouts in the van investigate likely targets and lead an "ant-sea" attack to devour everything living



HARVEST ANT AT WORK

Some others are hopeless alcoholics.

within reach. But for all their ferocity, the drivers die in direct sunlight. Forced to cross bare ground on a bright day, they quickly throw up earth to form a covered archway as protection, and march on.

¶ Some ants are harvesters: they husk, store and dry seeds of grain, cutting roads six inches wide through vegetation to reach their crops. Most harvest ants march out together to gather the seeds, then straggle back with their burdens. Some ants which return without grain apparently feel embarrassed, pick up a useless pebble or a fallen petal and carry it along for show until they get home.

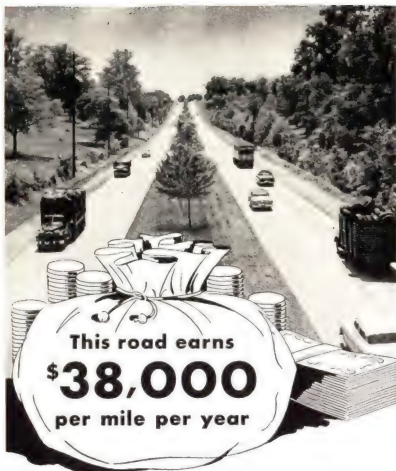
¶ Some ants are hopeless "alcoholics." Certain species of British ants keep caterpillars of the *Lycena* butterfly in their underground nests, by caressing them obtain drops of ant-intoxicating liquid. In their insatiable craving, the ants feed their own offspring and eggs to the caterpillars; nevertheless, when the caterpillars mature into butterflies, the ants peacefully let them escape to the outside world.

Supersonic Raindrops

Physicists have long known that raindrops—at high speeds—pack a dangerous wallop. But their effect on aircraft remained mainly a theoretical problem until jets started flying at the speed of sound. After passing through rain squalls at a supersonic clip, new jet fighters returned to base peppered with pits and abrasions. U.S. Air Force engineers have now begun to reckon with rain.

Last year Convair's propulsion-engineering laboratory was assigned to test the raindrop effect. On a U.S. Navy firing range outside San Diego, Convair's engineers developed a simple but effective experiment. To approximate supersonic flight, test pellets of aircraft materials (e.g., light metals, plastics, fabrics) were fired from a standard 20-mm. cannon through a "rainstorm" produced by a 500-ft. series of sprinklers. The pellets'





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This concrete road is U. S. 41 near Nashville, Tenn. The section shown carries a daily average of 14,800 vehicles.

Number of vehicles traveling this road per day	14,800
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Equals earnings per day per mile	\$103.60
Times number of days in a year	365
Equals annual earnings of this road per mile	\$37,814
Minus annual cost to build and maintain such a road during its lifetime	\$10,000
Equals annual net profit this road earns per mile	\$27,814

Concrete roads are the biggest money-makers because they attract the most traffic and have the longest life and lowest annual cost. Other pavements often fail to earn their building and maintenance cost. This drain on available funds leaves less and less for new construction.

To motorists, who pay for highways, this is an important reason why all main roads should be paved with concrete.

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speed was kept constant—1,520 m.p.h.—and a parachute, timed to open after 1,500 ft., brought the projectile to earth.

After six months of shooting, the engineers found that very soft metals showed erosion after one flight, harder metals were pitted only after repeated firings (the equivalent of prolonged flight through rain squalls). For the Air Force, the evidence is sufficient warning that, with individual plane parts worth as much as \$20,000, rain damage may ground a supersonic jet for costly repairs.

More important, say Convair's experts, is the possibility that raindrops can puncture a jet's fuselage or cockpit blister, causing the pressurized cabin to explode at high altitudes. At 1,520 m.p.h. (Mach 2), a raindrop smashes into a plane with a force of 70,000 lbs. per sq. in. At higher speeds, raindrops may be as deadly as enemy bullets.

Spectrum

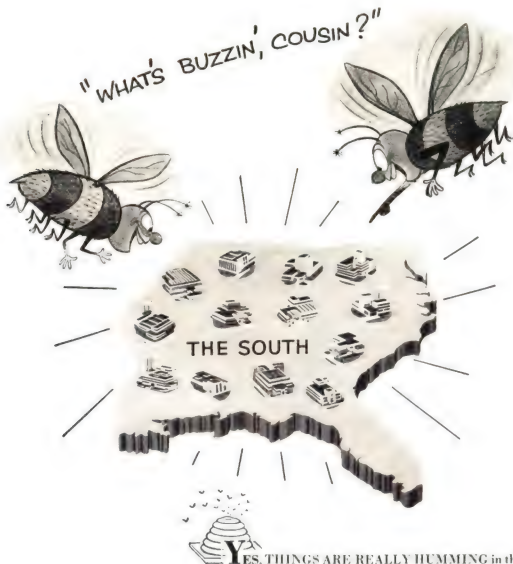
California's Calico Mountains have yielded fossilized aquatic insects 25 million years old—the oldest ever found. Discovered by a U.S. Geological Survey team, the specimens included mites, dragonfly nymphs, fairy shrimps. Almost all were perfectly preserved, showed only minute differences from their modern counterparts. One scientific explanation of bugs' slow evolution: more adaptable to climatic change than mammals, insects have rarely been found to change their bodies to survive ice ages and warm spells.

The slow, multi-purpose military transport plane is obsolete. So declared Lieut. General Joseph Smith, U.S.A.F., boss of the Military Air Transport Service, at a meeting of aeronautical engineers in Seattle. Two different aircraft are needed.

1) a 550-m.p.h. jet transport (range, 3,500 miles; payload, 15 tons), to lift key personnel and vital supplies; 2) a slower, turboprop cargo plane with a 25-ton payload and a range of 3,500 miles. Boeing's experimental 707 jetliner (TIME, March 8) roughly satisfies the first requirement; a suitable U.S. turboprop transport has yet to be put into mass production.

Mysterious low-energy particles have been detected in the ionosphere, 66 miles above the earth. A seagoing Navy scientific team in the North Atlantic sent up rocket-carrying Skyhook balloons; at 70,000 ft. the rockets, loaded with instruments, were shot another 280,000 ft. higher, where the particles were encountered. The Navy's find supports the results of a similar experiment last year, but the Navy has yet to pin down and identify the nature and origin of the particles.

In Honingham, England, while hoeing his beets, Farmer Percy Rolph unearthed 300 corroded silver coins, sent them to the British Museum for analysis. The museum's experts were delighted; the coins, adorned with figures of horses and wild boars, were probably part of the hitherto hidden treasure of the fierce Iceni, an ancient British tribe, famed for their heroic but ill-fated revolt under Queen Boadicea against the Roman conquerors in A.D. 61.



YES, THINGS ARE REALLY HUMMING in the busy-as-a-bee Southland these days, as the South continues to expand and to diversify its great new economic strength.

Along the 8,000-mile Southern Railway System alone during the past ten years, well over 2,000 new factories and large distribution warehouses were established and 954 major enlargements were made to existing plants.

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WHEN the May 3rd, 1954 issue of LIFE hit Syracuse, this is what happened to Jonah R. Shapiro (left), owner of the Syracuse Stamp & Coin Company:

"Literally hundreds of people came into my store after reading LIFE's story on stamp collecting. Some were old customers, but many were new enthusiasts who had never thought of stamps as a hobby before LIFE gave them the idea. They saw in stamp collecting diversion for themselves, and an exciting new educational interest for their children. Business was brisk, thanks to LIFE."

Week after week, LIFE has the same effect on the people of Syracuse. It affects the way they live and enjoy life, the way they buy and sell goods. On these pages are other reactions of Syracusans to LIFE . . . of an editor and a sculptor, of a photographer and a physician, of businessmen big and small.

When you read what they say, you know why LIFE is read in 3 out of 5 households.* You realize that to Syracusans, as to people in every city, town and village in America, LIFE has a profoundly personal meaning . . . an intimate bond no other magazine has with its readers.

*Source: *A Study of the Household Accumulative Audience of LIFE* (1952), by Alfred Politz Research, Inc. (A LIFE-reading household is one in which any member aged 20 and over has read one or more of 13 issues.)

"LIFE shows a new fashion and, almost overnight, it becomes a 'must' for women here!" T. W. Smith, president of The Addis Company (dept. store). LIFE is read in 3 out of 4 households in America with annual incomes over \$3000.*



"LIFE showed my picture, and for weeks my telephone buzzed and my mailbox was flooded with messages of congratulations!" Photographer Sherman Sable.



"LIFE pre-sells products so well that sales benefit greatly by tying in with LIFE regularly." J. P. Fitzgibbons, pres. of Dey Bros. & Co., member of Allied Stores.



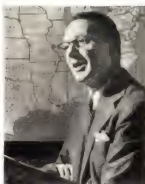
"LIFE's articles on how citizens strengthen their communities have interested thousands here in civic doings." Mrs. Melanie A. Kreuzer, pres. of Syracuse Common Council.



LIFE hits SYRACUSE ?



"LIFE helps me. When I was teaching medicine, I referred my students to medical articles in LIFE to enlarge their horizon." Dr. E. C. Reitenstein, Arens Medal winner.



"LIFE contributes to our success. That's why we invest more advertising dollars in LIFE than in any other medium." Mr. R. A. Pomi, pres. of the A. H. Pomi Co.



"LIFE's stories on color television aid public understanding of our work here." Dr. W. R. G. Baker, v.p. and gen. mgr. of General Electric's Electronics Division.



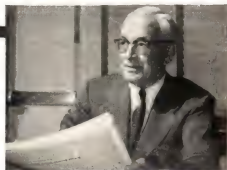
"LIFE's picture of my husband's waterproof harp appeared 6 years ago, yet I still hear comments about it. It was so dramatic anyone would remember it." Mrs. Melville Clark.



"LIFE has long influenced the mass market which the air conditioning industry now enters. We advertise in LIFE." Cloud Wampler, pres. of Carrier Corporation.



"LIFE's school plan is being used by a village near Syracuse for a new group of school buildings." Mrs. J. O. Ochsner, pres. of the Onondaga PTA County Council.



"LIFE does a job of reporting in depth that is a welcome journalistic challenge." Alexander F. "Casey" Jones, editor of Syracuse Herald-Journal. LIFE is read in 95% of households headed by professional people.*



"LIFE has enhanced people's appreciation here of famous masterpieces and deepened interest in the work of Syracuse's contemporary artists. LIFE is a champion of art." Sculptor Ivan Mestrovic.

MEDICINE

Capsules

¶ To prove their own fortitude (and also that their countrymen eat too much), eleven Swedish vegetarians aged 26 to 44 staged a ten-day fasting hike of 330 miles from Göteborg to Stockholm. Encouraged by pep talks from "Nature Doctor" Arne Wingquist, all but two stood the course, sustained by nothing more potent than plain water. One who fell by the wayside was Wingquist himself, on the ninth day. The marchers' average weight loss en route: 17 lbs.

¶ At a World Council for the Welfare of the Blind in Paris, Sweden's Charles Hedkvist sadly reported that postwar dreams of developing a sonar system to help the blind find their way are years short of fulfillment. Guide dogs are too costly for most of the world's blind, so the most widely useful device is still the oldest and simplest—the cane.

¶ Pennsylvania State Senator John J. Haluska quit as president of the board at Miners' Hospital in Spangler, Pa., giving the medical staff a clear-cut victory in its fight to keep out the unorthodox Hoxsey treatment for cancer which Haluska championed (TIME, Aug. 9).

¶ Noting alarm among their patients over Quintuplet Emilie Dionne's death a fortnight ago after epileptic seizures, U.S. epilepsy experts hastened to issue reassurances: the disorder is rarely fatal, and in four cases out of five the seizures can be staved off or alleviated by drugs.

¶ A mystery epidemic struck down children in northern India with 118 deaths reported (24 in Delhi, 50 in Lucknow, others in Benares and Allahabad). Tentative diagnosis: encephalitis. An all-out spraying campaign was launched to destroy sand flies and mosquitoes, which are suspected of carrying the virus.

Money & Polio

As the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis geared up its emergency March of Dimes drive to raise \$20 million in the next two weeks, it ran head-on into trouble. Many communities joined up reluctantly, some flatly refused. They had given generously to last winter's drive, which raised \$55 million, and community leaders feared that the new campaign would interfere with upcoming charity appeals, especially their local community chests.

¶ In Los Angeles, the Social Service Commission at first denied permission for the drive, then sheepishly reversed itself as the local polio epidemic worsened (see below).

¶ In Syracuse, N.Y., the *Post-Standard* printed an angry editorial complaining that far more money is raised for polio than for cancer, heart disease or TB—which have far higher death rates. It quoted handy backyard statistics reporting fewer cases in upstate New York than in recent years, accused the foundation of being greedy and extravagant.



VEGETARIAN WINGQUIST
Do Swedes eat too much?

¶ In Montgomery, Ala., civic officials refused permission for the drive, also pointed to a merciful decline in the local polio rate as compared with last year's severe epidemic.

Why does the foundation want more money? The root of the trouble is that it is stuck with a \$10 million bill for gamma globulin this year, in addition to a \$7,500,000 test of the Salk vaccine, plus all its regular outlays for care of patients (estimated to top \$33.5 million), education and research. Though doctors still disagree on the value of gamma globulin, the foundation had to buy up most of the year's output and control its distribution, or haphazard use would have ruined the Salk vaccine test. Meanwhile, the foundation was reduced to asking hospitals to carry polio patients on credit.

Polio in Los Angeles

The receiving room of Los Angeles' big (3,500-bed) County General Hospital last week was jam-packed with pain-racked men, women and children and their fear-haunted relatives. Hour after hour, nurses and doctors moved among them, checking symptoms and—all too often—confirming the diagnosis of polio. With more than 500 cases reported already, and with the worst weeks of August and September still ahead, it was clear that Los Angeles County is in the grip of its severest epidemic, save only that of 1948. One hopeful note: the strain of polio in Los Angeles appeared to be less virulent than in former years, was causing proportionately fewer cases of paralysis.

A Ghetto Destroyed

To Washington last week came 1,435 delegates for the annual convention of the National Medical Association, professional organization of U.S. Negro physicians. The encouraging news on every medical front: the bars of discrimination are falling. The delegates, who found themselves accepted in the city's best hotels and restaurants (in sharp contrast with their last Washington meeting 22 years ago), cheered a report by the District of Columbia's Dr. William Montague Cobb, chairman of N.M.A.'s Council on Medical Education and Hospitals.

Since the University of Arkansas admitted its first Negro medical student in 1948, eleven of 26 Southern medical schools have admitted Negro students.⁹ Said Dr. Cobb: "The doors of constituent medical societies of the American Medical Association are now open [to] Negro physicians in ten of 17 Southern states and the District of Columbia . . . Steps toward the removal of racial membership restrictions have been taken in Tennessee and North Carolina."

In 1947, Negro medical graduates could hope for internships in only about 15 hospitals, most of them segregated. Last year, reported Dr. Cobb, practically every graduate of Howard and Meharry, two outstanding Negro medical schools, was accepted for internship "by the hospital of his choice." There are now Negro interns in 56 first-rate hospitals. The number of Negro specialists has increased from 87 in 1947 to 221.

Dr. Cobb's conclusion: "The present numbers are far below a desirable level . . . [But] the ghetto plan for provision of medical care for the Negro has been destroyed forever."

"Humble Humbug"

Placebo (Latin: *I shall please*): A medicine, especially an inactive one, given merely to satisfy a patient.

—Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary

"Until lately," said last week's *Lancet* of London in its lead editorial, "the placebo has never been regarded as quite respectable. In the family of drugs it has always been the flea-bitten mongrel dog, kicked into the kitchen when company calls but uncommonly useful for dealing with undesirable at the back door . . . But the spread of scientific methods to the study of materia medica has led to a remarkable improvement in the status of what [Philadelphia's Dr. Oliver Hazard Perry] Pepper called 'this humble humbug.' The placebo is now dignified with the title of 'research tool.'"

In research, a placebo is used as a "control," i.e., in test comparisons with a new drug. But the placebo itself (usually a sugar pill colored to match the real drug), no matter how pharmacologically inert it

* Besides Arkansas, they are: St. Louis University, Medical College of Virginia, Washington University (St. Louis), and the Universities of Maryland, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Virginia, Texas, Missouri and Louisville.

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may be, is often psychologically active (TIME, Dec. 14). Patients improve, partly because of the attention they are getting, partly because they think they are receiving an active medicine. In this way, a placebo may give the impression that a useful drug is less potent than it actually is. So far, doctors have found no handy way to tell in advance whether a patient will be a "placebo reactor" or not. But they have noted that most of the reactors are "more emotional and rushing, more grateful for and impressed by hospital care . . . more cooperative with the nursing staff, and they talked more than the nonreactors, who by contrast tended to be critical, unhelping and emotionally controlled."

Is it right for a doctor deliberately to prescribe placebos? Yes, says the *Lancet*,

to reinforce a patient's faith in his recovery when the diagnosis is unquestioned and no better treatment is possible. Also, to refuse a placebo to a dying, incurable patient "may be simply cruel."

The doctor who prescribes semi-placebos (such as vitamins) may only deceive himself, Los Angeles' Dr. Alan Leslie wrote recently, and the *Lancet* concurs. It concludes: "If deception there must be, let it be wholehearted, unflinching and efficient. A placebo medicine should be red, yellow or brown . . . The taste should be bitter but not unpleasant. Capsules should be colored, and tablets either very small (on the *multum in parvo* principle) or impressively large." And even more to the point: "No method of administration can equal 'the needle' for effect."

MILESTONES

Born. To Jennifer Jones (real name: Phyllis Isley), 35, doe-eyed, Oscar-winning (*The Song of Bernadette*) cinemactress, and David O. Selznick, 52, Hollywood producer (most famed for *Gone With the Wind*), her second husband (No. 1: the late Cinemactor Robert Walker); their first child (his third, her third), a daughter. Weight: 7 lbs. 8 oz.

Marriage Revealed. Minot Frazier (Mickey) Jelke, 24, chubby Manhattan playboy convicted a year and a half ago on two counts of compulsory prostitution; and Sylvia Eder, 26, the willowy blonde who was with him when police triggered the case by raiding his apartment at 1:30 a.m.; in Folkeston, Ga., on June 22, five weeks after his conviction was set aside by the New York Appellate Division.

Married. Gloria Grahame, blonde (*The Bad and the Beautiful*) cinemadventuress, 25; and radio-TV's Boy Wonder Cy Howard, 38 (*My Friend Irma*, *Life with Luigi*); she for the third time, he for the second; under an olive tree in the patio of his Beverly Hills home.

Married. Sally Rand, 52, tireless fandancer; and Fred Lalla, 35, former Los Angeles plaster contractor; she for the third time, he for the second; in Las Vegas, Nev. One hour after the ceremony, she discarded her wedding dress and stood coyly nude on the stage of Las Vegas' Silver Slipper Saloon.

Died. Gerhard A. Puff, 40, German-born bank robber who made the FBI's Top Ten in 1952; of electrocution; in Sing Sing. Sentenced to the chair for killing an FBIman in a 1952 Manhattan gun fight, deadpan Gunman Puff ordered two of the most sumptuous "last meals" in Sing Sing history, had been visited by no one in his 14 months, 23 days in the death house.

Died. Vito Marcantonio, 51, six-term Congressman from New York's East Har-

lem; of a heart attack; on a rainy street in Manhattan. Tough, fiery little Vito fought his way up from East Side poverty, hung on to the fluttering coattails of Fiorello La Guardia, succeeded him in Congress in 1934 on a Republican-City Fusion ticket. In his district, Vito was an indefatigable favor-doer; in Washington, a slavish follower of the Communist Party line. Finally beaten by a 1950 Democratic-Republican-Liberal coalition, he still remained powerful and popular in his district, drew 20,000 mourners to his bier. His funeral was conducted by a Methodist minister, because the Roman Catholic Church refused him burial on the ground that he had not practiced his religion for many years.

Died. Lloyd Morris, 60, author, critic, social historian; of cancer; in Manhattan. In the '20s, studios ("Reading is my major vice"), Manhattan-born Morris was a notable Paris expatriate, at one time or another wrote in nearly every prose form, but achieved his real success in the late '40s as a nostalgic recorder of 20th century America ("the most exciting place in the world") in *Postscript to Yesterday* and *Not So Long Ago*.

Died. Dr. Hugo Eckener, 86, next to the late Count Ferdinand Zeppelin the greatest dirigible expert in aviation's history; of a heart ailment; in Friedrichshafen, Germany. A onetime journalist, stolid Aeronaut Eckener joined Count Zeppelin in 1909, worked fanatically to prove his conviction that the lighter-than-air ship was safer, more practical than the airplane, saw his dream explode with the *Hindenburg* at Lakehurst, N.J., in 1937. Self-taught, he developed uncanny skill as a pilot (Said a friend: "He was born knowing what the weather would be"), captained the *Graf Zeppelin* in its triumphant round-the-world flight in 1929, won a hatful of aeronautical medals and international homage until the *Hindenburg* disaster and the opposition of the Nazis ruined his airship and him. He spent his last years as a lonely, bitter, jet-age misfit.



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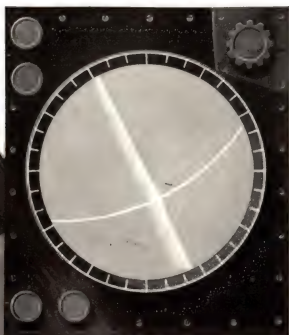


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RELIGION

To Stay Together

Some 3,000 Christians crowded into the church, the chapel and two halls of the First Methodist Church in Evanston, Ill. this week for a service the like of which the world has never seen before. In the processional marched 700 priests and patriarchs, bishops and archbishops, ministers and laymen. The Rev. Dr. Marc Boegner of France read the First Lesson (*Isaiah 53*) in French. Archbishop Athenagoras, Patriarch of the Orthodox Church, read the Second Lesson (*Philippians 2:1-11*) in Greek. Bishop Eivind Berggrav of Norway led the recitation of the Apostles' Creed in German. The Rt. Rev. G.K.A. Bell, Bishop of Chichester, offered the prayers in English.

Thus the World Council of Churches opened its second Assembly (see box), U.S. Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam delivered the sermon. It was a great sermon, built around five words from the World Council's first Assembly in 1948 in Amsterdam: "We intend to stay together."

Said Oxnam: "We have worshiped, witnessed and worked together. We intend to stay together . . ."

"I must confess my faith has cost me nothing . . . I have never been hungry. I have not been in prison. I have never had a stone thrown at me . . . I was born in a free land . . . I bow . . . before my colleagues . . . who know the meaning of prison cells, of fetters, of hunger . . ."

"When competent Christians seek to express the worth of personality in political institutions, they speak of 'Government of the people, by the people, for the people' . . . In this insistence, we intend to stay together . . ."

"At Amsterdam, serious questions were asked. Among them this: 'What does the world see or think it sees when it looks at the church?' One of the answers to that question was: 'It is a church that has largely lost touch with the dominant realities of modern life.' I am not sure that answer is true; but I am sure that the church must face up to the issue of justice. It is not enough for us to repudiate, as we do, the atheism of orthodox Communism . . . Men who affirm that nothing can separate us from the love of God must renounce the practical atheism that lies in the affirmation that God is not relevant to all the activities of men. [Christians] must be more interested in abolishing the exploitation of man by man and of establishing a classless society than any Communist can possibly be . . ."

"In an hour when millions are being added to our church rolls in one of the most significant evangelistic advances in the history of the church . . . we must make it plain that the Christian demand for justice does not come from Karl Marx. It comes from Jesus Christ and the Hebrew prophets . . . We are children of a God of love. We are brothers."

"We intend to stay together."

Blanshard Over Vermont

Six years ago the Supreme Court tossed a judicial bomb into many a U.S. schoolroom when it decided that it was unconstitutional for James Terry McColium and his classmates in Champaign, Ill. to be exposed to religious instruction on public-school property (*TIME*, March 22, 1948). But the individualists of Vermont would not let some Washington lawyers tell them how to educate their children: the state board of education issued a routine notice of the decision, and nobody paid much attention.

To one Vermonter-by-adoption, a church-state issue, however small, is like a hot scent to a coon hound. When Lawyer Paul Blanshard—whose bestselling *American Freedom and Catholic Power* launched him on a career of Catholic-needling—learned that the children in his own town of Thetford were getting a weekly half-hour of nonsectarian religious instruction in the classroom, he promptly went into action. Blanshard formally asked Education Commissioner A. John Holden Jr. to notify all Vermont's schools that "the teaching of religion in public schools

as part of the regular schedule of instruction" was unlawful and must be stopped. Last week Vermont's board of education issued a stern warning to all school superintendents to keep God out of the curriculum. Communities that disobeyed, the board hinted, might lose their annual grants of state aid.

Divine I O U's

The four-armed idol of Lord Venkateshvara (one of Vishnu's aliases) lives in a mammoth temple atop a 2,500-ft.-high hill at Tirupati in South India. In the temple court stands a big metal receptacle known as a *hundi*; into it pilgrims drop offerings of jewelry, money and gold.

Inside the *hundi* last year, temple priests found an I O U for 300 rupees. When the signer failed to come across with the money, Lord Venkateshvara, represented by his priests, took the case to court. Last week the court decided in favor of the god, ordered the debtor to pay.

Promptly two other promissory notes, for 1,000 rupees each, turned up in the *hundi*—creditors who had not been able to collect on them had endorsed them in favor of Lord Venkateshvara. It worked. When the temple trustees told their new debtors that they were filing suit, both rushed up the holy hill with the rupees.



EVANSTON MEETING

"Christ—the Hope of the World"

Convened this week: the second Assembly of the World Council of Churches in Evanston, Ill.

Who Is There. Meeting on the campus of Northwestern University are 600 delegates from 161 churches in 48 countries, representing more than 160 million Christians (notable exception: the Roman Catholics). Also present: 150 consultants, 120 youth consultants, 600 accredited visitors, plus fraternal delegates from related organizations, and observers.

Aims. 1) To exchange views on the great continuing issues of Christian faith; 2) to make policies, formulate programs and appoint officers and committees; 3) to worship together.

Main Theme. During the first week 15 discussion groups will consider the main theme, "Christ—the Hope of the World," then gather in plenary session to formulate a message. Agreement will come hard: theologians are roughly divided between orthodox eschatologists (mainly European) who see the Christian hope as Christ's Second Coming at world's end, and the more liberal and activist brand (mainly in the U.S.) who hope for Christ's help in the here and now.

Other Issues. The second week will be devoted to six subsidiary themes: 1) "Our Oneness in Christ and Our

Disunity as Churches," which will probably concentrate on the points of recognition between church bodies of differing traditions.

2) "The Mission of the Church to Those Outside Her Life," which will lay less emphasis than usual on conversion of "the heathen," instead pay more attention to what one churchman called the heathen at home—the unchurched and indifferent masses living in nominally Christian countries.

3) "The Responsible Society in a World Perspective" and "Christians in the Struggle for World Community," which will raise questions of church and state—e.g., is there a specifically Christian attitude toward human rights, the U.N., and "peaceful co-existence" with Communism?

4) "The Church Amid Racial and Ethnic Tensions," which will deal with the church's responsibility for reconciliation between races.

5) "The Christian in His Vocation," a subject new to ecumenical gatherings, which will consider the importance of the layman's witness not only in church, but in his job and the whole of his life.

AUTOS

A Vote for Life

Through the gates of the high-school football field in South Bend, Ind., one sunny day last week streamed 8,500 Studebaker Corp. employees, all members of C.I.O. United Auto Workers Local 5. They had come to decide on a matter of life and death for Studebaker and a matter of considerable importance to themselves. The company had lost \$8,925,800 in the first half of this year, was still suffering heavy losses. To turn the tide, Studebaker asked the union to take a 14% cut in wage rates.

The final vote was a triumph for Studebaker Chairman Paul Hoffman and President Harold Vance, and a vindication for Louis Horvath, president of Local 5. By a margin of better than eight to one, the workers agreed to take the pay cuts.

Out of Line. Studebaker first called in Horvath and his bargaining committee eleven weeks ago, let them take a look at the company's books. Sales were down two-thirds from 1954. Executives had taken pay cuts of 20% to 30% on salaries above \$20,000. Other operating economies had been made. But these savings, said Hoffman and Vance, were not enough.

They pointed out that Studebaker was paying its employees an average hourly rate of \$2.39, v. the \$2.03 average paid by its competitors in the auto industry. Furthermore, man-hour output in some Studebaker divisions was as much as 20% below that of other automakers, fringe benefits were higher, and an antiquated seniority clause had cost the company \$789,000 in the first four months of 1954. Obviously something more would have to be done. Horvath & Co. were convinced

and in 26 meetings and 150 negotiating hours, hammered out a new contract calling for a wage cut. Said Horvath: "This was the hardest thing that we labor leaders ever had to do." But when a meeting of local members was called a fortnight ago, unexpected opposition to the plan popped up. Horvath was greeted by jeers and catcalls, and the new contract was turned down in a show-of-hands vote (TIME, Aug. 16). The decision stunned Studebaker and South Bend.

Next day, Studebaker gave the union a 60-day notice of contract termination. In full-page newspaper ads, the company made its case more pointed, disclosed that it had been selling cars below cost since June. As a result, sales had jumped 68%.

New Mandate. Soon the light began to dawn on Studebaker workers. Horvath began getting phone calls from union members complaining about the vote; half a dozen petitions, each bearing 75 to 100 signatures and asking for reconsideration of the proposal, landed on his desk. He called an emergency session of his 20-member executive committee, and another membership meeting was scheduled. When the rank-and-file turned out to vote on the wage cut last week, their changed temper was obvious. Warned one opponent: "This is a deal you're going to have to live with for a long time." Replied a heckler: "At least we'll be living."

If the wage-cut vote was good news for the company, Studebaker had some even better news for its workers. With costs lowered the company plans to put present employees, now working about half-time, on a 40-hour week. And next year's cars, said Hoffman, will not only be flashier and more powerful, they will be about \$100 lower.



LOCKHEED'S QUESADA
In the air, a delivery problem.

AVIATION

The General's Laboratory

When Lieut. General Elwood Ricardo Quesada retired from the Air Force in 1951, he had behind him 25 years of service and the experience of commanding the AEC's first thermonuclear tests at Eniwetok (TIME, April 2, 1951). Last week "Pete" Quesada, now 50 and a Lockheed Aircraft Corp. vice president, got a chance to put both his military and scientific knowledge to good use. In Burbank, Calif., Lockheed announced that it was spending \$10 million to set up a new scientific laboratory for advanced research by its missiles division. As the lab's boss, Airman Quesada will run it more like a university than a hardheaded business.

Lockheed's big project will be dedicated to what Quesada calls "the delivery problem." Says he: "Today we can build a thermonuclear weapon with as much yield as we want. The problem is how to get the damn thing there." To find the answer, Quesada will tap 200 of the country's top scientists, give them absolutely free reign to wander through the problem at an 80-acre laboratory in Van Nuys, have them delve into theoretical electronics and upper-air travel. He will pay high salaries, encourage them to soak up academic atmosphere by letting them teach part-time at three nearby universities: CalTech, U.C.L.A. and U.S.C. For the final payoff, a corps of 1,000 engineers will be called in to translate the theory into practical missiles systems, e.g., long-range rockets with infallible electronic brains to guide them to targets thousands of miles away.

For three months Quesada has been busy recruiting, already has a cadre of 15 crackerjack scientists, headed by Dr. Ernst



STUDEBAKER'S VANCE & HOFFMAN WITH C.I.O.'S HORVATH (FAR RIGHT)
On the football field, a dawning light.

TIME CLOCK

H. Krause, 41, former associate director of research for nucleonics at Washington's Naval Research Laboratory, Laboratory construction will start early this fall. Eventually, Quesada hopes to make back 80% of the \$10 million total cost to Lockheed, but he will never try to make his new laboratory show a profit. Says Quesada: "Scientists' function best when they know that they can work without dictation and develop theories irrespective of military contracts. We hope that through our ability to be original we will then be able to translate a military requirement into a military weapon."

Exit the B-36

At Consolidated Vultee's huge Fort Worth plant last week, a quiet ceremony hailed the last of a long line of famed warbirds. Out rolled the final production model of Convair's ten-engined B-36 bomber, the postwar workhorse of the U.S. Strategic Air Command. In all, something like 400 had been made.

When the big A-bomber first flew in 1946, it was the world's mightiest (wing span: 230 ft.; weight: 179 tons) and first intercontinental bomber. With six 3,800-h.p. Pratt & Whitney engines (plus four General Electric J47 jets), it can fly 10,000 miles with a five-ton bomb load, tote as much as 42 tons of bombs for shorter distances at speeds up to 435 m.p.h.

Convair tried to turn the piston-engined B-36 design into a pure jet by sweeping back the wings, slinging eight jet engines underneath. But in competition, Convair's XB-60 lost out to Boeing's all-new, 600-m.p.h. B-52. With Boeing's B-52 jet bombers now in production (TIME, July 19), the old B-36s have seen their day, will gradually be retired to a secondary role by S.A.C. Now Convair is busy at work on its own all-jet bomber, the XB-58 Hustler. The secret new plane will be a heavy, multi-engine jet with delta wings and a bomb bay big enough for H-bombs. Designed as the first truly supersonic U.S. bomber, the Hustler's maiden flight is scheduled for early 1955.

FISCAL

Debtors' Delight

For months, Treasury Secretary George Humphrey and his top fiscal expert, W. Randolph Burgess, have worked mightily to stretch out the national debt and cut its interest rates. Last week the money-men were delighted to find that they had accomplished a fair measure of both while refunding \$7.5 billion worth of 2½ Treasury certificates. More than half of the expiring one-year securities were exchanged for six-year 2½% bonds, and almost all the rest were turned in for one-year 1½% certificates (fewer than 2% were redeemed in cash). The Treasury hopes to do more stretching and cutting this fall, when it borrows some \$6 billion in new money.

STEELWORKERS UNION is just waiting for an excuse to pull its 1,100,000 members out of the C.I.O. and suspend its \$1,200,000 annual dues payment (35% of C.I.O. income). Long resentful of C.I.O. (and United Auto Workers) President Walter Reuther, the Steelworkers have asked Pittsburgh newspapers to stop referring to them as part of the C.I.O., may formally consider secession at their September convention. The excuse may be a jurisdictional fight at the Torrington, Conn. plant of American Brass Co., where organizers for both the Steelworkers and the Auto Workers are locked in a no-quarter struggle for members.

LONG ISLAND RAILROAD, delinquent offspring of the Pennsylvania Railroad, is being turned back to its parent for rehabilitation—after 5½ years of bankruptcy, incalculable complaints from its 85,000 commuters to New York City, and a three-year attempt at reform by the state. The Pennsy promised to draw off no dividends, principal or interest for twelve years, enabling the Long Island to spend \$60 million for better equipment and service. First step: a 20% boost in fares.

SAVINGS BONDS are selling at the fastest clip since the great bond drives of World War II. In the first seven months of 1954, the Treasury sold \$2.9 billion in E and H bonds, v. comparable sales of \$2.6 billion in 1953, \$6.5 billion in 1945.

GRACE LINE will build two 20-ton passenger-cargo ships under the Federal Maritime Board's \$385 million shipbuilding and repair program (TIME, Aug. 9). Grace will spend about \$40 million, of which 50% may be Government subsidy, for 300-passenger, 16,000-ton ships to replace its Santa Rosa and Santa Paula on the run from North Atlantic ports to the Caribbean.

SUPERSALESMAN Dudley J. LeBlanc, concocter of the leeringly ballyhooed patent medicine, Hadacol (TIME, Sept. 10, 1951), is open for

business again with a new vitamin-and-alcohol cure-all he calls Karyon (\$1.25 for a 7-oz bottle). Compared to bad-tasting Hadacol, says Medicine Man LeBlanc, "this has a very classy taste. We've flavored it with lemon extract."

OUTBOARD MOTORS are roaring past new sales records this summer. For motors and accessories, fans are expected to spend \$121 million this year, 20% more than in 1953.

SHERATON HOTELS, No. 2 U.S. chain (after Hilton) and still growing, took over another big hotel. Only a week after buying Albany's 400-room Ten Eyck Hotel for \$3,750,000, it bought Chicago's 400-room Blackstone for about \$4,000,000 from Arnold S. Kirkeby's National Clubs Hotel Corp. Sheraton's new total: 29 hotels in the U.S. and Canada.

USED-CAR DEALERS are squaring off for a major court battle with new-car dealers. As a test case, the National Used Car Dealers Association is backing a Wichita member's antitrust suit charging 12 franchised new-car dealers with price-fixing, and accusing them of threatening newspapers with ad cancellations if they accepted ads from him.

HOLLAND is forging ahead with its postwar financial recovery, has just prepaid \$52.5 million of a \$195 million World Bank loan that is not due until 1970. The thrifty Dutch have thereby saved millions in interest, made it possible for the World Bank to cancel its plan to float a \$100 million loan this fall.

COLOR TELEVISION is getting ready for the big opening curtain. RCA cut the price of its 15-in. color sets from \$1,000 to \$495, will rebate \$505 to those who have already bought sets, and in September will bring out a new 21-in. tube. CBS-Columbia will introduce its new 19-in. set this month; Philco is developing a cheaper and simpler picture tube that it claims will bring set prices down.

TYCOONS

Big Man on the Big Board

Texas Oilman Clint W. Murchison, who likes nothing better than a big, complicated deal, last week stepped into a real brain-twister. In the process, the big wheeler-dealer hoped to get his first listing on the New York Stock Exchange.

In Pittsburgh, the money-losing (first-half loss: \$414,511) Follanshee Steel Corp. announced a two-way deal to dispose of both its corporate shell (i.e., big-board listing and cash) and its physical assets to two separate groups, one headed by Murchison and the other by Manhattan Machine-Tool Maker Frederick W. Richmond. For some \$9,000,000 cash, Richmond will buy up Follanshee's steel-making plants, warehouses and invento-

ries, continue to operate the company. Follanshee's corporate shell (with \$9,000,000 in the till and no plants) will then merge with two profitable Murchison firms: Chicago's Consumers Co. (concrete) and Frontier Chemical Co. (chlorine, caustic soda) of Wichita, Kans. Follanshee stockholders, whose stock will be worth \$30 a share after selling their plants, may exchange it for stock in the new merged Murchison corporation.

The deal looked like a good one all around, especially for Murchison. If it goes through, he will still have 46% control of his two moneymaking firms. In addition, he will have a handy carryover tax advantage from Follanshee to apply to his two companies. Since Follanshee's book value is actually \$16 million, the net loss (after tax adjustments) on the sale is

THE BIG GET-TOGETHER

Reasons Behind the Merger Spree

U. S. businessmen, who like nothing more than getting together at trade conventions, recently have been getting together in another way. They have embarked on the greatest merger spree in history. In the past few months, by stock swap or outright purchase, Nash and Hudson became American Motors, Hilton Hotels took over the Statler chain, Mathieson Chemical and Olin Industries combined. Still more big mergers are in the making throughout industry. Packard and Studebaker stockholders vote this week on consolidating, Bethlehem Steel is talking merger with Youngstown Sheet & Tube, and Textron is working on a three-way merger with American Woolen and Robbins Mills.

According to Arthur D. Little, Inc., Cambridge, Mass. management consultants, mergers are taking place at the rate of about two a day. What lies behind the big get-together?

There are almost as many reasons for merging as there are companies willing to merge. In the rough-and-tumble competition that has returned to many industries during the past year, mergers have frequently been undertaken in self-defense. The biggest companies in the textile industry are now in a great race to become still bigger, combining the efficient new mills of the South with the going industry of the North, and the fast-growing new synthetics with older fabrics that are still in demand. In autos, the independents are joining forces to compete against the Big Three.

But most mergers are not born of despair. A big motivation has been industry's dynamic urge to diversify and get new markets. In the nation's two previous great merger waves—after the turn of the century and in the Roaring Twenties—consolidations were mainly within industries. The theory was that only a foundryman, for instance, could run a foundry properly. But in recent years industry has spawned a new kind of professional manager who can step into virtually any business, find the weak spots and strengthen them. Today management thinks nothing of buying into unrelated fields.

When the \$66 million General Dynamics Corp. took over the \$147 million Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp. last April, about the only thing the two had in common was that both were working on nuclear-powered craft, one in submarines and the other in airplanes. One of the earliest and biggest diversifiers was Glidden Co.,

from paints into such products as sex hormones and oleomargarine. Locomotive-building H. K. Porter Co., convinced that the locomotive market was running out of steam, bought up 15 companies in eleven years, now makes steel, industrial rubber and oil-field equipment. Its sales have soared from \$3 million to \$64 million.

Companies can merge vertically as well as horizontally, thus assure themselves of either the materials they need or of market outlets. Chrysler Corp., harassed by supplier strikes at a time when it could sell every car it turned out, and dissatisfied with its Briggs bodies, eventually bought the Briggs bodymaking plants. Looking for retail outlets, International Shoe bought out Florsheim.

Tax advantages often play an important part in creating the urge to merge, as in the Hilton-Statler combination (TIME, Aug. 16). So do changing business tides. The Paramount Theatre chain, making money in a troubled industry, was a natural to combine with American Broadcasting, which was losing money in the promising new field of television. One of the reasons advanced for Oilman (Cint) Murchison's current interest in Follanshee Steel (*see* Tycoons) is that the steel company has a listing on the New York Stock Exchange, something that Murchison has never had.

Does the present wave of mergers threaten to build up a set of competition-crushing monopolies? Just the reverse seems to be true. Small companies consolidate so that they can better compete with bigger firms in their industries. Companies that diversify into new fields bring along new ideas to challenge the industry leaders. If television had been developed 50 years ago, the chances are that one company would have had a monopoly for many years. But recently so many firms have been looking for new products and markets that dozens went into television, quickly drove set prices down.

Under the Democratic Administration, the Federal Trade Commission followed the "per se" rule in cracking down on mergers, assumed that any merger involving a large sum of money probably interfered *per se* with competition. Under the Republicans, FTC has adopted a new "rule of reason." The test: Will a merger hamper competition in fact? As a result, only two merger cases are now pending before FTC. Of the hundreds of other mergers that have recently taken place, the great majority have served to give business a keener competitive edge.

\$5,000,000, of which 50% can be charged off against the new corporation's income.

Possibly the biggest reason for the deal was that Murchison will have a listing on the New York Stock Exchange. Then Murchison can use Follanshee (under a different name) as a holding company to which to merge any number of his interests and find a big national market for the stock.

BUSINESS ABROAD

Ginger's Way

For many a British businessman, expansion holds about as much allure as an undercooked kipper. But red-mustached, 66-year-old Frank Perkins thrives on it. In the depths of the Depression, when most British businessmen dreaded any venture beyond the laws of their country estates, Perkins boldly marched out to sell the British trucking industry on the diesel engine. He made his sale, expanded and became England's biggest producer of automotive diesels.

By the end of World War II, when others again cautiously retired to safety, Perkins had the courage to expand once more, thus was ready to cash in on Britain's postwar boom in trucking. "Ginger" Perkins built a 575,000-sq.-ft. plant in Peterborough, Northamptonshire that he claims turns out more diesel engines than any other plant in the world. In six years he boosted sales of Perkins Ltd. from \$6 million to almost \$39 million. Last week Ginger Perkins was ready to start deliveries on his latest big order: 2,000 diesel engines (at \$700 apiece) to Yugoslavia for tractors.

Riches to Rags. The son of a prosperous steamroller manufacturer, Perkins had an early lesson in business failure. After Rugby, Cambridge and a World War I stint in the Royal Engineers, he went to work for the family firm, rose to managing director. But the Depression flattened the steamroller business, and in 1932 the factory shut down. Perkins found himself out of a job, with a wife and four children to support.

While pondering what to do, he pulled out an idea he had tucked away ten years before to improve the diesel engine. Until then, diesels had injected fuel either directly into the cylinder, which made them economical but slow, or through an antechamber, which made them fast but expensive. Perkins combined the best features of each system, and took out a patent. With hard times forcing every British trucker to cut costs, Perkins decided they would welcome an engine that would burn untaxed diesel oil, then about 9¢ a gallon, v. 18¢ for gasoline.

With \$34,000 capital—mostly borrowed—he hired two mechanics and a boy helper, rented the ground floor of a private house and went to work. Says Perkins: "In a depression everyone is watching everyone else and not doing anything. If you can get going then, you have them all at a disadvantage, and by the time they think they might start in business, you're well established."

It took six months to put together Perkins' first engine, a four-cylinder monster named "Vixen." Since Vixen had no self-starter, for the first test mechanics unbolted the combustion-chamber caps, ran to a nearby furnace, waited for the caps to get almost red-hot, then ran back to bolt them into place. Heat from the caps ignited the fuel in the chamber; after the engine fired and ran, the entire shop staff retired to a pub to celebrate.

Sputtering Along. For two years the Perkins diesel firm sputtered along on one-engine orders, scrambling for cash to make up the mechanics' wage packets. Disaster threatened in 1935, when the government slapped a heavy tax on diesel oil, making it almost as expensive as gasoline. Instead of accepting defeat, Perkins expanded. He brought out a new, six-cylinder diesel that ran more smoothly than early models and was much lighter, landed his first big contract: 100 engines for Commer trucks. By 1939 he was turning out almost 1,000 diesels a year.

During World War II, Perkins diesels ran generators on the Normandy beachhead, powered Royal Navy launches and hundreds of trucks in British munitions dumps, where gasoline would have been a menace. Rescue craft powered by Perkins diesels saved 13,000 airmen in the English Channel, the Mediterranean and the North Sea.

Perkins' humming assembly lines are now rolling out four types of truck engines for Vauxhall, Rootes, Guy Motors, Ford and Dodge, a tractor engine for Massey-Harris and Morris. Every police launch on the Thames is powered by a Perkins diesel. Although Expansionist Ginger Perkins has taken over more than 95% of Britain's small diesel production, he is still not satisfied. He is getting ready to expand again, soon will add 90,000 sq. ft. of factory and boost production 20% to 50,000 engines a year.

GOODS & SERVICES

New Ideas

Stick-Up. Brightly decorated vinyl-plastic "fabric" which sticks to a variety of surfaces (e.g., kitchen walls and book covers) was brought out by Manhattan's Cohn-Hall-Marx Co., "Con-Tact," which can be wiped clean with soap, comes with a backing that is peeled off, leaving an adhesive surface. Price: 59¢ a yd.

Magnetic Maid. A cleaning device that attracts dust and dirt magnetically into small piles for easier sweeping has been put on the market by Damar Products, Inc. of Newark, N.J., "Magnetik Sweeper" has rubber ridges on the bottom, which create electrostatic action. Price: \$3.95.

WALL STREET

Short Limb

"Going short" is an ancient and accepted practice in securities markets. It is also such a hazardous endeavor that few market players save virtuosos are advised to try it, and sometimes they are sorry. Last week one such rueful expert was Wall



DIESEL MAKER PERKINS & ASSEMBLY LINE
A taste for kippers, a toast to a Vixen.

Street's George Geyer, one of the nation's biggest dealers in insurance stocks, who closed the doors of his brokerage house "indefinitely" while he counted up the cost of going short.

Geyer became bearish in insurance stocks in a big way this year and accordingly went short (i.e., sold to his customers, at current prices, stocks which he did not own but hoped to acquire later on at lower prices). But the stocks did not drop as Geyer had expected; instead they went bounding up (about 20% this year), as banks and pension funds sopped up the supply. When Geyer tried to cover his position, he found that he could not get the \$1 million worth of securities that he owed his customers. Did this mean Geyer was doomed to go bankrupt? Said he: "If we do, it won't be voluntary." Many a Wall Streeter thought Geyer & Co.'s capitalization of \$220,000 was too meager for its annual volume (well over \$100 million). But at week's end some fellow brokers were rallying round, offering to help George Geyer along with capital until he made good to his customers.

CORPORATIONS

Glamour for Sale

In a Los Angeles TV studio last week, a pretty blonde actress faced the cameras for a special kind of screen test. Looking at her image, a panel of cosmetics experts gave their verdict: her makeup was perfect. After a solid year of experiment, a makeup had been invented that looked natural before the glaring new eye of color TV. The inventor: Hollywood's Max Factor & Co., whose concern with improving human looks before both cameras and kitchen stoves has made its name synonymous with glamour all over the world.

In the past half-century, Max Factor has powdered, rouged and bewigged almost every U.S. star of stage, screen and TV,

and invented special makeups for each medium. By retailing the same kind of theatrical glamour to housewives as well, it has grown into a cosmetic giant, with some 200 different kinds of lipstick, face powder, talcum, cologne, mascara, face cream, shampoo and soap. In 1953 alone, Davis Factor and Max Factor Jr., the brothers who run the company as chairman and president, counted net sales of \$10 million in 101 countries, with profits of \$1,250,000.

From Paste to Platinum. When Max Factor Sr., an immigrant Polish wigmaker, started improving on nature in Hollywood, the screen's silent sirens wore only two kinds of powder—white and flesh-colored—both as pasty as dough. Factor developed new, softer powder shades, more complimentary rouge tones, and an easily applied foundation grease. Soon such stars as Gloria Swanson, Joan Crawford, Mary Pickford and Clara Bow were wearing Factor makeup off the movie lots, and U.S. women, who had previously thought that any makeup made them look "fast," started clamoring for the natural-looking powder and rouge. When Jean Harlow suddenly became a platinum blonde, Max Factor was ready with the bleach to help thousands follow suit. By the '30s, scores of Hollywood pictures carried the Max Factor name in their credits. Biggest single order: 600 gallons of body paint for the bronze-skinned characters in *Ben Hur*.

With his cosmetics line off to a booming start, Factor hurried back to his first love: wigmaking. He imported fine-textured hair from Italian, German and Balkan peasant women, who grew it specially for sale. Soon he cornered Hollywood's costume wig market with super-de luxe models priced up to \$5,000.

Factor's toupees ("hairpieces" in the trade) were an even bigger success. Instead of the obvious, helmet-like objects that hairless U.S. men expected, Factor

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made a new, almost invisible toupee by sewing each strand of hair to a piece of fine flesh-colored lace, sold every style from romantic waves to college-boy crew cuts. Now men all over the U.S. wear Factor "toupees" (price: up to \$150 apiece), and the company sells 20,000 a year. In Hollywood, nine out of every ten male stars over the age of 35 wear "hair additions" on the screen (on the current list: Jack Benny, Bing Crosby, Henry Fonda, Gene Kelly, Humphrey Bogart, Jimmy Stewart), most of them made by Max Factor. Says Max Jr., "If they're wearing them, they're Factor's."

From Pancakes to Perfumes. When Max Factor Sr. died in 1938, his sons took over the business, with Davis running the financial end and Max Jr. thinking up new



MAX FACTOR SR. & JOAN CRAWFORD
Beauty is less than skin deep.

products. Their biggest success: Pan-Cake makeup that can be applied smoothly with a sponge. Last year Pan-Cake sales totaled more than 10 million boxes (at \$2.50 apiece).

This year the Factor laboratories are marketing a new product called Creme Puff, a makeup that has the staying qualities of grease paint, yet can be patted on with an ordinary powder puff, and a new makeup pencil called Erase (TIME, June 21), to hide dark circles under the eyes. By Christmas, the Factor brothers plan to be selling their own line of perfumes. Says Max Jr., who believes that beauty is not even skin deep: "It gives me a fine feeling to see all the beautiful women in the streets and to know that I had a part in making them beautiful."

Max Jr. applied his makeup talents in another way this year, when an extortionist tried to threaten him into paying \$50,000. The culprit was promptly caught by an FBI agent made up with Factor grease paint to resemble Max himself.

wading in ...



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The New Pictures

The Vanishing Prairie (Walt Disney), the second of Walt Disney's full-length nature films, was fortunate enough last week to have one of its scenes, in which the audience watches the birth of a buffalo calf, banned by the New York State Board of Censors. A week later the censor reconsidered, but the headlines had already had their effect. As a result of the publicity, the picture will probably do very well at the box office.

Birth, it is clear from this scene, can no more be the subject of prurience than death can. Both are too simple and important. The cow lies slightly wrenched, the birthing in its blue caul glides gleaming into the world, the mother licks off the membrane and swallows it to help start the flow of milk, the calf staggers up blindly to the food it trusts will be there. The camera watches it all with a grave directness proper to an acolyte at a mystery, and even the incessant commentator seems to realize that the situation does not require cute remarks. In fact, if the average Hollywood picture had an approach to sex and life as healthy and honest as Producer Disney shows here, no parent would need think twice about sending his children to the movies.

The furor over this scene, though indeed it is the most impressive one in the film, is likely to distract attention from the picture as a whole; and the whole is an ambitious attempt to show what the American heartland was like when 60 million buffaloes roamed the plains. Disney fails—partly because of the smug, fatherly pat of approval he keeps giving the animal kingdom, as though he personally had founded it with Mickey Mouse. Here and there, however, the picture has

a patch of beauty briary enough (as the nursery rhyme puts it) to scratch a man's eyes in. Some patches:

¶ The panchromatic windbaggery of the prairie chicken, as he swells his senatorial gullet of purplish brown and canary yellow, and gobbles forth his filibuster of love.

¶ A jack rabbit's getaway, shown in slow motion that reveals the jazz-beat leg action he uses to avoid tight places.

¶ The savage attack of a 2-lb. prairie dog on a 2,000-lb. buffalo that ventures too close to the prairie dog's hole.

As usual, when Disney is being his light-hearted, heavy-footed self, there are a few real esthetic crashers to boggle at. The worst scene features a number of bighorn rams ramming each other tirelessly, in time with the *Anvil Chorus*.

Even so, the beasts of the field (devotedly taken on film by Tom McHugh, James R. Simon, N. Paul Kenworthy Jr., Cleveland P. Grant and others) marvelously save the situation with their grace and large-eyed innocence, the way children often do when Daddy is being his worst.

Broken Lance (20th Century-Fox) takes the cinemagoer to the Old Southwest, where Cattle Baron Spencer Tracy, a likable old tyrant, has plenty of beef on the range and plenty of stewing at home. For one thing, his three eldest sons (by a first marriage) resent having to work for their tough old man; further, like almost everybody else in the area, they resent Tracy's second wife, a loving, stoical, full-blooded Indian princess (Katy Jurado), and their half-breed brother (Robert Wagner), who is also papa's pet.

Seeing no reason for all the hatred, Tracy returns it with benign contempt for all



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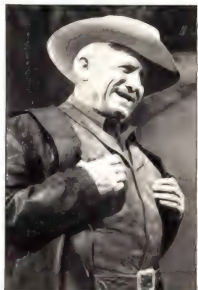
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except his wife and half-breed son. Everybody is intriguing all over the place as usual, when Tracy finds himself the object of a lawsuit. Thanks to papa's implacability, Robert Wagner goes to jail and the eldest son (Richard Widmark) takes over the family empire from the heartbroken old man. The subplot is the love affair between the governor's daughter (Jean Peters) and Wagner.

Only the direction of Edward (The Caine Mutiny) Dmytryk manages to keep this horseplay in proper focus. Tracy's acting is the best thing in the movie, with Katy Jurado's Indian and Widmark's Hopalong Cassius following a close second.

In addition there are some fine CinemaScope views—notably a bleak, well-accented funeral scene for the old man. But this hardly makes up for the fact



SPENCER TRACY
For Hopalong Cassius, benign contempt

that *Broken Lance* is really a straight remake of Edward G. Robinson's *House of Strangers* (TIME, July 18, 1949), a family-venudetta film that even carried the same screen credit for writer (Philip Yordan) and producer (Sol Siegel).

King Richard and the Crusaders (Wagon) is another Middle-East western, this time a CinemaScope romp with Sir Walter Scott's *The Palsman*. Tramping through the Warner-Colored desert on the Third Crusade are George Sanders—who plays King Richard the Lionhearted with a sour disposition; Rex Harrison, as the sly Saracen leader Sultan Saladin; a sort of Noel Coward in sheik's clothing; Newcomer Laurence Harvey as Richard's loyal Scots bodyguard, Sir Kenneth; and Virginia Mayo as the unlikely royal cousin, Edith Plantagenet.

Director David Butler shows plainly why the Crusades never really amounted to much. Everybody in Richard's camp was too busy with his own private intrigues. Sir Giles Amara, the dastardly

Grand Master of the Castelain Knights, is trying to take over the crusade in a reach for power; Austria's Duke Leopold would like the leadership, but he is drunk most of the time; France's King Philip is just tired and wants to pack up and go home, and even Sir Kenneth is playing footie with Virginia Mayo right under Richard's tent flap. The tricky plot is overburdened with an ineffectual assortment of jousts, bouts, chases and maces. Actor Sanders appears more chicken- than lionhearted so that when Lady Edith, in true Hollywoodian-crusader style, pouts: "War, war, that's all you ever think of, Dick Plantagenet!", hardly anyone will believe her.

Magnificent Obsession (Universal-International) is a remake of the 1935 tear-jerker done by Robert Taylor and Irene Dunne. Based on Lloyd C. Douglis' best-seller, the new picture easily rates four handkerchiefs.

The story, as it might have been explained in preliminary conferences in the Hollywood studio: "Well, there's this magnificent obsession, see? It all comes about when this wealthy young guy unwittingly hastens the death of a fine, altruistic surgeon and then, in a car accident, causes the doctor's widow to go blind . . . The current rich young ne'er-do-well (Rock Hudson) at first tries to buy repentance with \$25,000 checks. Then, as he falls in love with the widow (Jane Wyman), his regeneration becomes genuine. His obsession is to perform great anonymous deeds of charity and meanwhile to make a great surgeon of himself. In time, he saves the widow's life as well as her sight on the operating table.

Wyman and Hudson do pretty well with their soap operatics against a variety of Technicolor backgrounds. Barbara Rush, the widow's stepdaughter, and Agnes Moorhead, a levelheaded nurse and family confidante, are fine in supporting roles.

CURRENT & CHOICE

On the Waterfront. Elia Kazan's big-shouldered melodrama of dockside corruption; with Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint, Lee J. Cobb (TIME, Aug. 9).

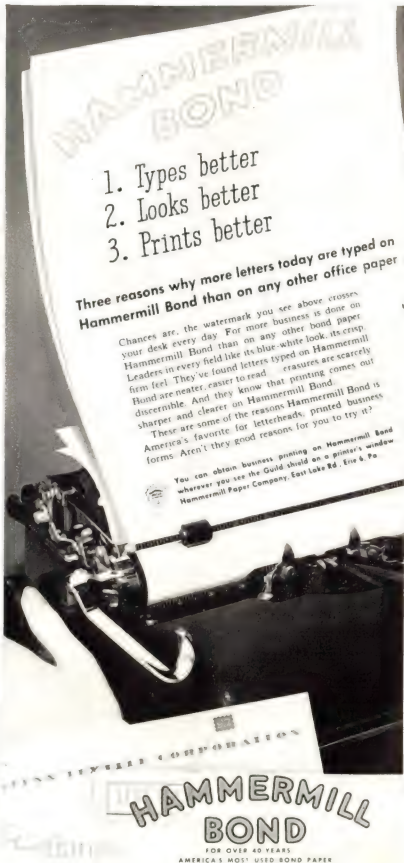
Rear Window. Hot and cold flashes of kissing and killing, as Alfred Hitchcock lets Jimmy Stewart, Grace Kelly and the customer get the eavesdrop on a murderer (TIME, Aug. 21).

The Earrings of Madame De . . . A bubbling little masterpiece of ornate romance and French wit; with Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux, Vittorio De Sica (TIME, July 26).

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers. Plutarch's story of *The Rape of the Sabine Women*, updated to make the best cinematic since *An American in Paris* (TIME, July 12).

Mr. Hulot's Holiday. A first-class slapstick comedy, partly in French (TIME, June 28).

Dial M for Murder. Ray Milland tries to murder Grace Kelly, but Director Alfred Hitchcock contrives his comeuppance (TIME, May 24).



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BOOKS

Faulkner Speaking

Novelist William Faulkner, notably tight-lipped on home soil, last week found tongue for some reflections on life, letters and Faulkner, while attending the International Congress of Writers in Brazil.

¶ "I confess honestly that *A Fable* [his latest novel, *TIME*, Aug. 2] does not please me. It took nine years to write that book and I once tore up its first version.

¶ "Generally I don't read my countrymen's books. In fact, I read little. At my age [56], I prefer to read Flaubert, Balzac, Cervantes' *Don Quixote* and the Bible . . . The few times I tried to read Truman Capote, I had to give up . . . His literature makes me nervous.

¶ "I do not necessarily have a system to work. Normally I write at any time, but for me expression comes easier when it is hot, or precisely during summertime when the blood boils in my veins, or during sleepless nights when I work until early morning. I always carry pencil and paper with me, since at certain moments on the saddle of a horse or leaning on a fence, I proceed with work under way.

¶ "Failure brings me stimulation to try to do better in each new book. I have something to say, but I know I will not have time to write all the books I want. I hope to write three or four more . . . I am happy to be a novelist, but I would like to be a poet. In fact, I am a frustrated poet.

¶ "American literature and poetry are being killed by our mechanical civilization. We Americans once had the beautiful dream of every man's being free. What happened to that dream? . . . We failed in that we forgot the needs of the rest of mankind, perhaps because we are too self-contented and too rich."

New Storyteller

THE DREAM AND THE DESERT (223 pp.)—Uys Krige—Houghton Mifflin (\$3).

In fiction, as in business, there is always room at the top. Just as South African writers are on the point of becoming a drug on the book market, along comes Cape Town Uys Krige (44) with a collection of short stories as good as any current in English. They are stories about South Africa that do not, blessedly, derive from the headlines, and war tales that are moving without resorting to war-fiction language and clichés. One or two are complete failures. But the two best ones make it plain that Author Krige is more than promising. 1) *The Dream*, which lyrically describes a happy young boy's bewilderment when death robs him of his favorite aunt and cousins, then takes his baby brother as well; 2) *The Coffin*, a fine yarn about a virile old South African farmer and great-grandfather who always had his own expensive coffin ready and waiting in the storehouse. One after another, he gave away several of them to less hardy contemporaries, was caught short without one when his own death came.

The Perfumed Jungle

COLETTE: A PROVINCIAL IN PARIS (282 pp.)—Margaret Crosland—British Book Centre [\$3.50].

When Henry Gauthier-Villars, known in Paris literary circles as plain "Willy," met little Gabrielle Colette in Châtillon-Coligny, he was "completely stunned" by the sight of her long, braided hair and "airy grace." At their wedding dinner in 1893, 20-year-old Colette drank too much champagne and fell fast asleep over the table. "As I woke up, I heard my husband's voice.

"She looks a bit like [the statue of] Beatrice Cenci in the Barberini Palace. . . .

"With her red carnations," said fa



WILLY & COLETTE

In a limited kingdom, a superb queen.

wedding guest], 'she looks most of all like a dove with a dagger in its breast.'"

At which Mother Colette rounded on the men and barked: "Can't you do better than compare her to a decapitated woman or a wounded bird?"

For years, Gabrielle Colette justified both comparisons. Her husband refused to believe that his little woman had a head, and thought nothing of wounding her affections. Willy was the nearest thing to a factory ever known to literature: under his direction (and signature), teams of "obscure young writers and journalists who desperately needed money" churned out books and articles. Wife Colette was just a sort of combination kitchen maid and pretty showpiece. The acquisition of money and mistresses was Willy's chief interest in life, and Colette has described how one night, after being tipped off by an anonymous letter, she went to an actress' flat and caught her husband in the act of forwarding both aims.

"[They were] not in bed, but leaning over a book . . . of accounts. Monsieur Willy was holding a pencil. I could feel my heart beating in my throat, and the two lovers looked with astonishment at this young pale girl from the provinces . . . What could I say? The little dark woman . . . held her scissors in her hand and waited for a word, a gesture, before she slept at my face . . ."

The Flight from the Factory. This new biography—appearing less than two weeks after Colette's death in Paris at 81—has its limitations as a book. Biographer Crosland lacks two important qualities: 1) a thorough knowledge of French, and 2) a full critical grasp of Colette's work. Author Crosland is so devoted to her subject that the book is full of clumsy curiosities—as when Colette's perceptiveness as a movie critic is illustrated with the unfortunate statement: "She . . . knew that the name of Mickey Rooney would be heard again." Nonetheless, the book is a timely and handsome reminder of an extraordinary career.

One day when Husband Willy's production line was flagging, he said to his wife, who was sprawled on the divan with the cat: "You ought to put your school memories onto paper. Don't be frightened of piquant details . . . Funds are low." Ever obedient, Colette bought school exercise books and jotted down neatly her adolescent story, *Claudine at School* (signed "Willy") appeared in 1900, sold 50,000 copies in the first year and is still selling in 1954. Almost as successful was the first sequel, in which Heroine Claudine "[receives her] first lessons in seduction, meets her perverted second cousin and marries his father."

"Be quick, little one!" Willy would cry, as Colette chased her pen through Claudine upon Claudine. If Colette was lazy or reticent, Willy locked her in her room. Every page she wrote passed under Willy's practiced editorial eye ("Have I married the last of the lyric poets?" he would snarl, if the prose was sappy). By 1904, Colette was a trained craftsman—and fed up with the life of a tormented hack. At 31, after twelve years of marriage, Colette broke with Willy.

The Realm of the Senses. Having lived under wraps so long, Colette went straight into the music-hall stage, where she threw off the wraps with a vengeance. In mimes and dances she displayed "[first] her uplifted bosom, and then the whole of her harmonious nudity." But she continued to write, too, and her subject matter was as nude as her mimes. The world of the senses became Colette's special province, and she proceeded to map it with audacious knowingsness.

Colette, says Biographer Margaret Crosland, "cannot be only partially accepted. One accepts everything or dismisses her completely." In fact, a case can be made that exactly the reverse is true. Colette was revered as a queen of French literature not because her kingdom was boundless, but because it was strictly limited and superbly governed. The subjects of Queen Colette have no souls, no morals,

no politics, no intellects. Their aim is to devour the maximum of sensuous pleasure at the price of a pain that they often find most enjoyable, e.g., *Chéri's* heroine gets a big kick out of her lover's passion for hooking her jewelry.

All Colette characters have the nerves and blood vessels of animals, but their hottest emotions are always ready to leap to the aid of their coldest calculations. In a jealous woman, for example, Colette sees "the development of a sense of hearing, virtuosity of vision, speed and silence of steps, the sense of smell directed towards the trace left behind by hair, by a perfumed powder, the passage of an indiscreetly happy person—all this recalls very closely the exercises of soldiers on a campaign, and the knowledge of poachers."

The Law Against Pity. Colette's characters are sensitive to pain, but because they live according to the laws of what Chaucer calls "Merciles Beaute," they can never expect pity. The queen herself had so ordained it. "Suffering," said Colette, "is perhaps a childish business . . . It is very painful . . . But I am afraid [it] deserves no consideration whatsoever."

What went for her characters went for Colette herself: no self-pity was allowed into her voluminous personal histories. Her second marriage (to handsome Man-of-the-World Henri de Jouvenel) was a love match, but it went the way of the first. Biographer Crosland thinks that a streak of "masculinity" in Colette may have contributed to the sharp disappointments of her love life, but this is improbable. Masculinity, by Colette standards, is not something hard and tough: it is soft and yielding in a rather nasty way. ("They're timid, you know," says a Colette girl, of men.) Colette finally found a happy marriage with Husband No. 3, bookish Maurice Goudekot, whom she described ("in the most charming and expressive way," murmurs Author Crosland) as "my best friend."

How long Colette's literary realm will survive its queen remains to be seen. Her reputation has never been higher. Her classic style and natural dialogue, her girlish eagerness mixed with aged uninhibitions, still lure the most timid modern men into her perfumed jungle kingdom.

Li'l Old Tearjerker

GOOD-BYE, MY LADY (222 pp.)—James Street—Lippincott (\$3).

Like most successful old fiction pros, Novelist James Street (*The Velvet Doubtlet*, *The Gauntlet*) knows the value of a timely yank at the heartstrings. In his latest, *Good-bye, My Lady*, the yanking is continuous. His hero is Skeeter, a likable 14-year-old who lives with his illiterate uncle in a shack on the edge of a Mississippi swamp. Life is simple to the point of vacuity—a little huntin', a little fishin', some wood cuttin' for the groceries run low. "Swamp sprout" that he is, Skeeter dreams mostly of a "li'l old" shotgun. Uncle Jesse has his dream too: he's going to get him a set of "Roebuckers" (false teeth) so he can "eat me a

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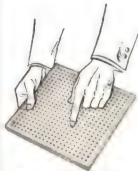
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baits of hicker' nuts" and "enough roasting ears to kill a goat." When Skeeter finds him a "big old puppy dog" lost in the swamp, life seems about as sweet as it can be without a shotgun. Thing about Lady is, she can't bark, but she can laugh and cry real honest-to-God tears. And Skeeter trains her until she can point quail at 50 yards. When, at book's end, Skeeter has to give up Lady to her true owner, the scene is enough to pierce the heart of the most hardened dogcatcher. No doubt about it—Novelist Street has written him a little old classic of the maudlin school.

De-Caesarizing Benito

Mussolini (304 pp.)—Paolo Monelli
—Vanguard (\$4).

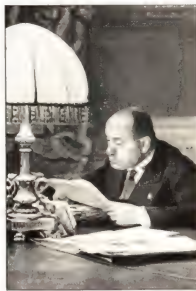
On Oct. 29, 1922, Benito Mussolini was called to office as Head of the Government of Italy. "Excuse my appearance," the new boss told King Victor Emmanuel, "but I come from the battlefield." Mussolini referred to his Fascist Party black shirt, not the striped pants ("too long and tight") or the frock coat ("sleeves... too short") which he had borrowed from his pals. As for his "battlefield," this, too, was the property of friends: it was they who had made the historic "March on Rome" the preceding day, while Leader Mussolini stayed snug in the office of his Socialist newspaper, *Il Popolo d'Italia*, under protection of the Milan police.

Forty thousand ardent Fascists gathered in Rome to hail the new head, stomped by his palace window looking upwards eagerly. But a lady visitor had come to see Mussolini, and the head was in no position to review his followers.

Author Monelli, no professional historian but a veteran newspaperman, has written a biography that often verges on caricature. Obviously ashamed of his people's long allegiance to Mussolini, Author Monelli does his best to de-Caesarize Italy's 20th century Caesar. In destroying the legend of Mussolini as hero, he occasionally seems to build up another legend of Mussolini as utter boob. But with that qualification in mind, *Mussolini* can be enjoyed as a highly readable biography.

Birth of a Legend. "What a character!" sighed his wife Rachele, when she heard of her Benito's sudden rise to power. Most Italians echoed her words, wondering what sort of oddity their new ruler was. They knew he was the son of a Romagna blacksmith and had come up the hard way, going to jail for his political activities, suffering poverty in Switzerland. They knew little of his real character—e.g., that he could be bullied by anyone who took the trouble. They knew still less of his chronic ailments (syphilis, stomach ulcers) and his antipathy to taking baths, changing his shirt, or shaving.

He became popular at once. He seemed ready to work hard and cooperate with other parties, and his chief desire was to be "respectable." When the lights burned late in Mussolini's palace, it was often because he had got his hands on "lists of subscribers to opposition papers" and was



MUSSOLINI
What a character!

busy marking down those who were to be "beaten up until they bled." But, asserts Author Monelli, some of Mussolini's followers were far tougher than he. When his old Socialist enemy, Giacomo Matteotti, was murdered by some of his Fascist pals and Mussolini was blamed for the act, the situation scared the striped pants off him. Sobbing in the arms of one of his women, the chief cried: "Dear Matilde, my worst enemies could not have done as much harm as my friends!"

In the style later perfected by Adolf Hitler, he often rolled on the floor, bit his nails, beat himself over the head, and he "lived in dread of seeing his executioners burst open the door to shoot him."

A group of his "friends," appalled by such weakness, staged a second March on Rome and cornered their cowering, unshaven chief in his palace. "What do you expect me to do with a corpse under my feet?" Mussolini wailed. "A fine head of a revolution, if you're afraid of a corpse!" bellowed an angry follower.

Life of a Balloon. More afraid of his friends than of his enemies, Mussolini began to do his utmost to appease the friends. As Biographer Monelli sees it, he was terrified into terrorizing Italy. In 1925, "the Fascist regime became a regime of force," all opposition was suppressed, total censorship clamped on the newspapers. His followers made sure that the Duce's balloon of a phony identity was not punctured by public scorn. They kept him surrounded by "policemen in various disguises" playing the equally phony role of "fanatical admirers." These cops, known as "the Presidential Division," became so expert at exaltation that sometimes even Mussolini suspected they were not on the level.

His tougher followers drove him half-crazy simply by knowing that he was incapable of being the man he pretended

Number 10 in a series

How do you solve the problem of making a home fit the personality of your family? Naturally it depends on the family and on the site. The answer Robert Carroll May, West Hartford, Connecticut architect, gave is pictured here. The family of two was artistic, and wanted a relaxed informality and naturalness in their home. These the architect created by open planning that took advantage of sloping ground, yet provided sheltered areas within the house for privacy.



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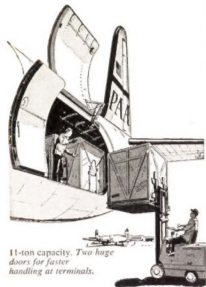
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to be. When the Duce tried to conduct the Ethiopian war from his office chair, Marshal Badoglio only growled: "What fool in Rome is telegraphing this rubbish to me?" and curtly cabled back: "Leave me alone."

Historians who believe that great decisions are the result of historical necessity rather than of the acts of individuals will find in Monelli's account of Mussolini's life a stiff argument to the contrary. Personal vanity, swollen to monstrous proportions, made Italy Germany's ally in World War II. Mussolini detested Hitler, but, as he said frankly: "It's too late to drop him. I don't want them to say abroad that Italy's cowardly." Of all Mussolini's millions of spouted words, none has a greater ring of sincerity than his cry-from-the-heart against his Nazi rival: "I am tired of acting as his rear light!"

Death of a Lover. As the war advanced, the Duce became more and more of a rear light. He spent hours doodling at his great table or concocting headlines for the morning papers. According to Monelli, he even began to lose interest in one of his chief pleasures—that of "receiving" a woman in his office every afternoon. If she was unattractive, the Duce talked to her; if she was pretty, he hurled her onto the carpet ("You can't refuse a man of that importance," said one such lady), and then went straight back to his desk while an attendant picked up the hairpins. A few privileged ladies were rewarded by hearing the great dictator play them a violin sonata, but they received money (out of state funds) only if they frankly asked for it.

Claretta Petacchi was the exception to the general rule. Mussolini made love to her in his usual perfunctory way ("He doesn't even take his boots off," she once complained), but he showed his affection by installing her in his private apartments a few steps away from his office, where she would "lie for hours on end, waiting for a visit from her master, reading and daydreaming." From childhood on (she was 29 years his junior), Claretta had slept with Mussolini's photograph under her pillow; to be his mistress had been her sole ambition; he was "her first and only real love."

Author Monelli's book is never better than in the account of the last days of Mussolini and his doxie. Utterly defeated, universally despised, the sick and whipped dictator began mouthing extracts from a *Life of Jesus* and discovering "surprising analogies between his own fate and that of Christ." Too vain to surrender to the British, too indecisive to accept German protection, Mussolini blundered into the waiting hands of his bitterest enemies, the Italian partisans. By the time they dragged him, in pouring rain, to the wall against which he and Claretta were to be shot, he was much too obsessed with fear and misery to give a thought to anyone's feelings but his own. He never answered, and probably never heard, Claretta's last plaintive appeal: "Are you glad I followed you to the end?"

MISCELLANY

Hindsight. In Pittsburgh, Judge Joseph P. Willson disallowed the Pennsylvania Railroad's plea that Gandy Dancer Jesse Q. Casso had obtained his job under false pretenses, ruled that it was the railroad's fault for giving Casso a rating of 20-30 vision in his glass right eye.

Safety First. In Willimantic, Conn., Charles J. Insalaco, 23, unhurt when his car skidded and overturned, stepped out of the car, tripped, sprained his wrist.

Gratuity. In Venice, Calif., after two men forced Ronald Wade to return from his home to his market, tied him up and took \$5,000 from the safe, one of them tossed Wade \$20, remarked: "Here's something for your trouble."

By Request. In Syracuse, N.Y., when two of his friends were arrested on drunkenness charges, Charles G. Owens yelled at police in the paddywagon, "Is there room for one more?", was taken aboard, later fined \$10.

Old Sweet Song. In Pasadena, Calif., Mrs. Olga Maltzberger, 50, owner of a cat that responds only to a wolf whistle, reported unhappily that a man appeared at her door when she was whistling at 2 a.m., insisted that the call was for him.

For External Use. In Jersey City, charged with hitting his wife over the head with an empty wine bottle, Le Roy Simmons, 39, told the judge: "I was trying to put her to bed."

Pilgrim's Progress. In Edinburgh, after Business Manager Ernest F. Munro, 37, was convicted of embezzling \$16,800 from the Scottish National Bible Society, his lawyer commented: "It was just the old story of the road to hell being the easy one."

Power of Suggestion. In Toledo, a summer-stock production of *Dracula* was interrupted when a bat flew in the front door, barged around for 20 minutes until finally knocked down.

Sound Track. In Boston, Collis E. Wallingford was fined \$200 for drunken driving after he careened into a bus terminal, sat honking his horn in an effort to get the buses out of his way.

Gratia Artis. In Vienna, Friedrich Karasek was given six years for forgery despite his plea that he regarded painting banknotes as "a new form of art."

Honor Bright. In Sacramento, Simpson's Jewelry Co. ran a two-column, seven-inch ad: "To the person or persons that removed the watches from our windows . . . the watches are guaranteed for a lifetime and if they should prove unsatisfactory at any time, please bring them in for servicing at no cost to you . . ."



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